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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

were tired, from anxiety and sickening damp smell which al- proclaimed wreckage and donment, and after our look at ngine room we went no farther, treated in silence to the saloon ut looking at each other. I heard link of a bottle upon a glass, and a moment Mr. Darragh spoke cheerfully. "We're all right for present, at least, and as we're in the track, we'll probably be d off in a few days. What we'd to is to keep busy and as cheer- possible. This afternoon we'll work to set things as straight as n. Just now I'm going to ask r of you; I've got something to ich I must do alone—will you go up on deck and wait for I'll be up as soon as I've fin-"

new only too well what the thing" was, and obeyed him. hours, two dreary hours, passed I sat watching the drifting of ft white clouds over the tur- sky, brooding sadly over s ht which I could not put aside he foreboding that we should to spend more than a "few days" wrecked ship. And every hour ed, not only the danger from and weather, but also, should drift out of our course, the es against our being seen and off our wretched derelict. There lso for me an added horror in t that, out of all the ship's ny, Mr. Darragh was selected te to be my sole companion. He pparently an upright and hon- tleman at heart; just now he obered in every sense of the by our awful situation and ath of his faithful servant—but he be depended upon to remain And if he were to relapse, what I do? I did not believe that he iolent when in his cups, but the t of being alone with a drunkard that dreary shell was terrible —and it must be confessed that least dreadful part of the pros- s the fear that he might hope- disable or even kill himself. For Mr. Darragh maudlinly, amiably was better than utter solitude. ever, for the present he was al- er agreeable and trustworthy. ought of him, faithfully render- he last loving services to his old nt, was inexpressibly touching. I ught myself of the masses of s which had covered the saloon on the day we sailed. Perhaps of them were still fresh enough nish a humble tribute to poor ton. I would go and see.

nt down to the main deck, to the erating room, where many provi- ouls had vainly stored their flow- a decoration against the day of arking. I selected the best and st—not all white, for why should who enter upon the fullest life ecked with flowers blenched of hue of life?—and arranged them as prettily as I could. As I went up the stair I met Mr. Darragh.

"I was just coming for you," said he. "Will you come and see him? I think he would like it."

"I was coming; I was just getting these for him."

Mr. Darragh's eyes filled with tears; he turned away, and led the way in silence to his stateroom. In the lower berth lay Champion, a worn old rosary twisted about his thin fingers. His keen, good face was full of the final peace; he was freshly shaven, and was dressed in a well-cut coat and trousers which were somewhat too large for him. "I didn't know where to look for his clothes, nor even where his room was—he always arranged everything," explained Mr. Darragh simply, "so I had to take some of mine—the newest I could find—and, anyway, I think he would have liked it better so. I was as gentle and careful as I could be, but I could noever do as well by him as he used to for me—the dear old fellow."

I could na speak, but laid the flowers upon the faithful breast.

"Will you help with the rest of it?" asked Mr. Darragh. He had brought clean linen from the stewards' cupboard, and together we wrapped the body and bore it to the deck. The weight was not much—he had been led a wearing life, poor soul. We weighted the gaunt white parcel with several iron spikes and pins, and I sewed the outer covering fast. When there was but one thing more to be done, we fell on our knees. "Pray—pray," whispered Mr. Darragh, and I said what prayers I knew, less for any special fitness in them than because it would have been an unfriendly and inhuman thing to let the garment of so patient and faithful a soul go forth without a parting word. Then, having opened the gangway, Mr. Darragh bore the white bundle to the edge of the deck, and let it slip into the sea. He turned aside, and leaning his arms against the rail, hid his face against them. I then noticed for the first time that he had shaved and was smartly dressed in black.

He roused himself at last, and came toward me, smiling bravely. "He was a good man," said he, "we should be glad that we have known him. And now—what are we to do? Here, here, Miss—I don't know your name—brace up, do! Tell me what we're to do now?"

"My name is Harding, Paulina Harding. Didn't you say that in the afternoon we would begin to straighten things?"

"I didn't—I said after lunch—and we've not had lunch! But we'll have it directly. Come along—I myself will begin with a good long drink."

He had two long drinks, and very little else, and I looked for consequences, but there were none apparent. He was a very delightful companion, boyish, good-natured and irresistibly droll. In order to coax me to eat he fought with me over every biscuit and bit of cold meat on my plate, and stood up for his rights as the sole first-cabin passenger under a severe and obdurate captain, who was myself. Deliberately, with consummate tact and art, he made me laugh, eat, forget myself and our miserable situation. At the dessert—he had produced from goodness knows where a Camembert cheese and some fruit—he became practical.

"The first thing we'll do will be to patrol this deck, gather up all the loot in the passages, and sort it out. If the people who left it are picked up, they'll turn in an alarm for the ship—imagine the joy of the poor souls at getting back their things! Come, let's get to work—unless you'll have some more cheese.

I plead only for a little delay to wash the dishes.

"Wash dishes! Nonsense!" was his answer. "This ship carries dishes enough for 600 cabin passengers, and all of 'em clean—the dishes, not the passengers. We'll take a fresh lot every day and drop them overboard to fool the sharks."

"We'll do nothing of the kind! Don't you suppose the company will be as pleased as the passengers to get its possessions back?"

"Oh, as you please—but for the present, at least, let's just pile them up."

I yielded, and we "piled them up." We then set to our work; we gathered up the debris in the corridors and sorted it, heaping it as neatly as we could on the long tables in the saloon. There was a strange medley of things, trivial and rich and quaint—bundles of papers, jewelry in little leather bags, articles of vanity, powder-puffs, eyebrow pencils, and cunningly contrived bunches of false hair. There were many articles of clothing and warm wraps, whose owners, we were forced to think, might be shivering in pitiful want not far away. There were rosaries, little books of devotion in many tongues, several dolls, and a number of revolvers—the latter we put away, with the jewelry, in a velvet-lined drawer of one of the silver cupboards. As Mr. Darragh held up, with a laugh, a pretty, gold-mounted revolver, I felt my blood run cold with a recurrence of the morning's fear.

"'J. G. Fenneck!'" he read. "To think of coming upon anything of old Fenneck's! I didn't even know that he was on the ship."

"Did you know him?"

He nodded. "Yes—at least he knew me—he was a friend of my father's, but he never had any use for me. Not that I blame him. And now—good Lord, I wonder where he is now!"

"Don't let's think about it. And we'd better put all those things together, hadn't we?" He assented, and we put the five revolvers—two of them empty and smoked—side by side in the drawer, and locked it, and I slipped the key inside my blouse.

By the time we had cleared the saloon deck and the starboard side of the main deck—the port side was now soaked and gurgling with sea water—it was almost dark. We suspected some new damage, but in our inexperience we did not know where nor how to look for it. The water had crept up so slowly and stealthily from the hold that we knew not whether to fear or be thankful. Later we knew enough to be thankful for the stanch forward bulkheads, which, by preserving a vast airchamber in the forepart of the ship, undoubtedly saved our lives.

Tired, disheartened, pressed upon by a fear we dared not name, we sat down together in the saloon that night. I was in no mood to eat, but Mr. Darragh produced a bottle of whisky from somewhere, and seemed to find it no bad substitute. Before our meal was finished he was very talkative and somewhat incoherent. As soon as we had "piled up" he withdrew, and I went to my stateroom in a most unenviable mood, blent of anxiety and an entirely irrational disappointment in him.

To my surprise he was, the next morning, as cheerful and sensible as he had ever been, and after breakfast he proposed that we should go up on deck and be what he called "nobly idle." "For after all," said he, "what difference does it make whether we get this old tub tidy today or tomorrow or not at all? When we are picked off we can shift all the housework on the pickers! Meanwhile, we've lovely weather, and it's our duty to make the most of it."

We propped a couple of steamer-chairs as straight as we could, and made ourselves comfortable. It was indeed lovely weather, soft, still, and bright, with a turquoise sky above a sea of polished lazuli. There was no wind, and it was impossible to tell if we were in motion, so gently did we drift. Nevertheless, the aspect of the disordered and abandoned deck was unspeakably depressing.

"We've a lot of housework to do up here," I said.

"Oh, this will be easy enough; we'll just heave all this junk overboard and then slosh a few pails of sea water around—at least I'll slosh the sea water."

"Indeed you won't—I mean not by yourself!"

"You're a plucky little person!" His face darkened. "But I wish——"

"What?" He would only shake his head, looking away from me, out to sea. "Please tell me what you wish. If I'm really plucky, you should be able to tell me anything."

He gave me a long, earnest look. "Well, I'll tell you. It is only that I wish with all my heart that there were another man on board this ship."

"Why especially?"

"For many reasons—chiefly because I, myself, am such an ignorant duffer. Last night I thought the whole thing over, and it seemed to me that the first thing to do is to lighten this ship—but how? The strength of one man can do next to nothing in a huge ship like this. And I want mechanical skill, say, to rig a derrick after I get the hatchways open, if the stuff's to be got out of the hold. And there must be a hundred other ways in which skill and experience could help us. And I've not the least idea how to set about doing anything—" He stopped, brooding with knitted brows. My blood ran cold.

"You mean," I questioned, dry-lipped, "that if the weather should change we should be in danger?"

His eyes came back to me again. "Yes, I mean just that. Forgive me for telling you, but I take you to be the kind of woman who would rather know."

"Yes," I answered, "I would rather know."

He studied my face a moment longer, and then his own face changed, relaxed from anxiety into a childlike, wistful gentleness. "It will help you to understand what a wretched fellow I am that I wanted to tell somebody. I'm not used to being alone—though, of course, it was generally only Champion." He checked himself, and, sooner than I had hoped, forced a smile. "Don't let us spoil any more of this beautiful day by any more moping—we'll do ourselves far better in the long run if we keep jolly. Do you know one reason why I dragged you up here? It was because I wanted to know you better, to hear you talk."

"And to hear yourself talk?" I mocked him, and it flashed on me pleasantly that there were not many people to whom I would have liked to say such a thing. He seemed pleased.

"That's just it exactly! Will you please go on."

"No, you first."

"No, you."

"No, you. Or—I have it—we'll count out—now wait: 'Eeny, meeny, miny—'" I took good care to count myself out, and he was obliged to begin.

"Do you want the florid detail of the old romances: 'My father was a wealthy cavalier of Seville,' and so forth, or the chaste austerity of 'Who's Who'?"

"Florid detail, please."

"Thank you—you'll get 'Who's Who'! Pay attention, now: 'Darragh, Richard Houghton; born November 1, 1869; educated—or, rather, put through, Exeter and Yale—only part way through the latter; thrown out of Yale, 1892. Achievements, nothing whatever! recreations, anything other fools are up to—'" He stopped, and I prompted him. "'Clubs?' 'Address?'"

He did not answer at once, and, stealing a glance at him, I saw that his eyes were downcast, his face dark and brooding. "You see," said he, "there's nothing to tell! It's a beautiful record, isn't it, for a man of my age and opportunities? The thought has often pressed upon me—and may I be forgiven for the means I've taken to get rid of it—and I always meant to turn over a new leaf sometime; but now—now it's very bitter because it's too late."

"Mr. Darragh you mustn't say such things!" I cried. "Indeed, indeed, you mustn't! It's not a bit too late, for we're going to get out of this, we've got to, we've got to! Only remember that you said we had to keep jolly."

He managed a faint smile: "You're awfully right—you'll pull me through—I'm sure you will!"

"You must admit," I said frankly, "that there is a great bit of luck in our being together here. Imagine the horrors either of us would be feeling now if that one were alone in this awful ship! At least, I know what I should be feeling if you weren't here."

He leaned toward me, his pale, eager face lightening. "Do you mean that—that my being here makes it easier for you—gives you courage?"

"Indeed, I mean just that."

His face grew gentle, without at once losing its brightness. "Oh, if I could tell you what your being here means to me! You're wonderful—wonderful! But it's so strange! How does it happen that you were left behind? Weren't you called? I have some kind of a memory of Champion's telling me that he was going to speak to you. But it's all so—so mixed."

"Let it stay so," I begged him: "I'll tell you all about it sometime—but not now. Please, not now!"

"Not till you are entirely ready to tell me," he assented. "But I want you to know what kept me here—I want you to know it." His sombre eyes fell, and I knew of what he was thinking.

"Don't Mr. Darragh, please don't—I assure you there is no need."

"Yes, there is a need! Alone together as we are, it would be intolerable if we weren't honest with each other. You will, I think, feel safer with me when you know me as I am. Miss Harding, when we first met I was drunk, maudlinly, idiotically, disgustingly drunk. For the last 15 years I have probably been drunk more days in the week than I've been sober. There was, at first, a sort of a reason why—sometime I'll tell you about it—but there was no excuse. And I've never tried to swear off—nothing else seemed worth while. I've even had attacks of—of—of—you can probably guess. And I can't lay it to my forebears; my people were all clean and decent and straight—I just had my own little dinky bit of temptation—nothing like what other men have to go through—and I drank. I've done nothing else—except—no, nothing else."

I said nothing—what was there to say?

"I've wasted my life," he said presently. "I've ruined myself, and if I weren't for my little brother I think my father's heart would have broken long ago—thank God, my mother died when I was a little chap." He drew a long, shuddering sigh, then caught himself. "Now, that's enough of that! I only want to assure you that I shall do my best to keep straight while we're together here—I hope I may be able to do it—I hope to God I may be able. But I spent a pretty gorgeous week just before I sailed, and there are some disagreeable hangovers—I may have to get away from them gradually! But I think I'm safe in saying that in any case you needn't be afraid of me. I get tiresome, but, I believe, nothing more."

His lips were drawn and white as he ended, his eyes clouded and set; they were like black onyx. My heart leaped with pity—for him, not for myself. "Oh, Mr. Darragh," I cried, "won't you try?" And as I spoke seeing the blank misery of him, and feeling the dreadful isolation of both of us as I had not felt it all that day, my heart sank very low, and cried out for an assurance outside itself.

"Didn't I say I'd try?" he answered gently "After all, I didn't tell you quite the truth, for I want you to think me a little better than I am. And, believe me, I'll try!"

I hid my face in my hands, but I could not long conceal my sobbing.

"Now—now—please, Miss Harding! Don't you know that when you do that you make me feel a perfect Sahara?"

"Oh, you can joke about it!" I stupidly sobbed.

"Joke about it!" he repeated bitterly. "What else, in Heaven's name, can I do? I can't make promises—a wretched, weak-willed creature like me! I can only tell you that I hope and pray with all my soul that what I've never been able to do for myself I may be able to do for you. And—and—meanwhile I've got to keep going!"

He left me, and climbing the deck to a hatchway, sat down, his back toward me, his shoulders bent, his hands drooping limply between his knees, a pathetic, broken, humbled figure. And in the same glance, as by a flash of lightning, I saw the rest of him, the real beauty in his abasement, the human worth of him, the honesty, the wholesome sweetness, the courage, shining through the soiled garb of shame and apparent weakness. So many men had done evil that he had never done—and so few men were what he was—none, perhaps, were what he might yet be!

I had never quite believed in the stories I had read of men who had been "saved" by women; it seemed to me an ignoble sort of process, even if it were not an improbable one; and I did not flatter myself that it was for me to save Dick Darragh. If he were to be saved, it would be by himself, in his own pain and his own courage. But, at least, I would not hinder him by my faint-heartedness.

I went to him and stood behind him. "Mr. Darragh," said I, and again, "Mr. Darragh." He did not answer in words, but without looking at me he put out a shapely hand, which I clasped. "I want you, please to forgive me for being such an idiot—such a rude, horrid idiot as I was just now. Do forgive me?"

"Forgive!" he cried. "Don't use that word to me!" His clasp of my hand tightened so that it hurt me, and he drew it near his lips. To my relief he did not kiss it, but gave it gently back to me. Presently he looked up at me with the expression of a naughty little boy who has been whipped, but who is getting cheerily over it.

"Won't you please," said he, "just sit down on this nice warm hatchway and tell me the story of your life?"

And I did. Ending with Mrs. Gately, to whom I was to be very grateful.

(To Be Continued.)

Profit in City Garden.

Chicago Evening Post.

An average profit of $30 for each lot was realized on the tract farmed by poor people under the auspices of the City Gardens Association this summer. This information was given in the report of the treasurer at a public meeting of the organization at Hull House. Lots were set aside for 100 families, and the average cost a lot was $11.20.

Suns Spots Nearly Overlooked

Fig. 1 The largest spot, now disappearing on the western limb. It measures 30,000 miles from one end of the penumbra to the other.

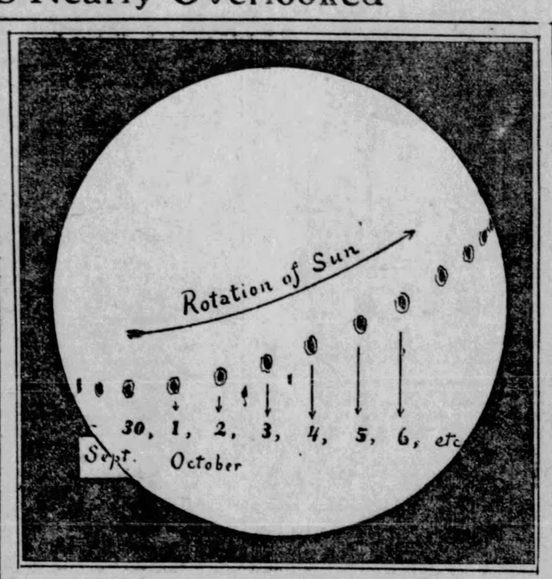

Fig. 3. A record of the large spot crossing the sun's disk. The successive positions are marked down for every day. The dates are given underneath.

SOLAR MARS IN UPROAR

Spots Indicate Huge Natural Cataclysms.

By Prof. Fred. J. Hillig, S. J., Science Instructor at St. John's College.

In the flurry which was caused by the late opposition of Mars, the reappearance of Halley's comet, and the simultaneous conquests of the north pole, some remarkable things which occurred, and are still occurring on our great luminary, the sun, came near being overlooked. Of course, sun spots are nothing new or extraordinary. In fact, they are as numerous and common at times as dogs in Toledo, but that they made their appearance at this stage of solar history, and in such profusion and size, is a fact deserving of more than passing notice.

Spots Not Yet Due.

According to Wolf's law, which regulates the frequency of sun spots in such a manner that the maximum of "spottedness" occurs every eleventh or twelfth year from the last maximum, it would appear that our hot neighbor should now be passing through a period of relative tranquility, the year 1909-10 being nearly half-way between the two maxima of 1904 and 1915. Instead of this the sun is just now in a rather turbulent condition. In the past week, during which time the writer has given some time and attention to the phenomenon by daily observation, the spots were coming thick and fast, small spots and larger spots, spots single and in groups. Friday was a record breaker. Not less than 60 spots were counted by the writer, most of them very small indeed, yet large enough to be recognized under a high power magnification. All these spots were seen in the southern hemisphere only, and most of them gathered into extensive groups, one group numbering more than 25 spots.

Figs. I. and II. represent the two largest spots, while in Fig. III. the course of the largest spot across the sun's disk is recorded.

Violent Eruptions.

The nature of the sun spots is not as fully understood as one might wish, while their origin and cause are shrouded, and will be perhaps forever, in impenetrable mystery. One thing, however, seems to be certain about these spots, namely, that they represent disturbances in the sun's photosphere and reversing layer. These disturbances result in eruptions, cyclones and cataclysms on an inconceivably huge scale, and of such violence and extent that our volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and cyclones are in comparison a mere tempest in a teapot.

In the larger groups which now appear on the sun's disk the brilliant envelope is agitated over an area of a million square miles. Huge waves of incandescent gases—the "faculae"—rise to such a height that they might swallow not one, but many earths, while their spray of luminous hydrogen gas is thrown or blown up in prominences as high as 200,000 and even 400,000 miles.

Theory of Prof. Buss.

According to the latest observations made concerning the movements and temperature in the spot region, it appears to Prof. Buss that "the visible umbral area—the darkest part of the spot—is caused by the efflux of material from within, and that the vapors of the actual spot must be at a higher temperature than that of the surrounding material."

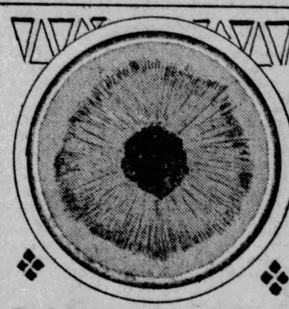

Fig. 2. A normal sunspot about the size of the earth. It was seen southwest of the largest at a distance of 70,000 miles from it.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Patty, where do you write letters?" he asked. He called her Patty quite naturally. Patty was in no wise offended.

"In the reading room you will find a desk with paper and pens and ink. Shall I go with you?"

"Not at all. I've only a note to scribble to Senator Henderson."

Warrington found the desk. Upon it lay a tablet. He wrote hurriedly:

"Start your campaign; I am in it now to the last ditch."

As he re-read it, he observed a blur in the grain of the paper. On closer inspection he saw that it was a watermark. He had seen one similar, but where? His heart began thumping his ribs. He produced the inevitable letter. The water-mark was identical. He even laid the letter unfolded on the tablet. It fitted exactly.

"Patty!" he murmured in a whisper.

Patty had never written him a single line; whenever she had communicated to him her commands, it had been by telephone. Patty Bennington! The window was at his elbow. He looked out and followed the sky-line of the hills as they rolled away to the south. Patty! It was a very beautiful world, and this was a day of days. It all came to him in that moment of discovery. He had drifted along toward it quite unconsciously, as a river might idle toward the sea. Patty! The light of this knowledge was blinding for a space. So Warrington came into his own romance. It was not the grand passion, which is always meteoric; it was rather like a new star, radiant, peaceful, eternal.

"Patty!" He smiled.

CHAPTER X.

It was only when the whistle of the returning boat sounded close by that he realized he had been sitting there for nearly an hour. He roused himself, sealed and addressed his letter to the senator, and hurried down to the dock. Patty was alone, mending some tackle.

"It must be a long letter," she remarked, standing up and shaking her skirts.

"Why, this is only the beginning of it," he replied ambiguously. "It is never going to end."

"Mercy! It must be a postscript."

He had no retort handy, so he contented himself with watching the approach of the boat.

"Some men are never satisfied," she said owlishly. "If I were a successful dramatist, such as you are, a public office would look rather tawdry."

"But it's real, Patty; it's life and not mummery."

"I don't know," doubtfully; "from what I have read, there are more puppets in and about a city hall than ever dangled in the puppet booth. Did I give you permission to call me Patty?" demurely.

"Not that I recollect." The boat came sweeping up to the dock, and he tossed the senator's letter to the boy. The boat went on with a musical gurgle. "But when I especially like anything, I usually appropriate it."

"I can see that you will make a good politician."

He laughed happily.

"Evidently you like the name. You have applied it to me three times this morning."

"Like it? Why, I think it is the most charming name I ever heard. It smells of primroses, garden walls, soldiers in ragged regimentals, of the time when they built houses with big-columned porches."

"My!"

"May I not call you Patty?"

"Oh, if you ask my permission, you may."

"I do."

"That is better."

"Patty?"

"Well."

"Do you ever look in your mirror?"

"The idea! Of course I do! I look in it every morning and every night. And as often as I find the time. Why?"

"Nothing; only I don't blame you."

"What's all this leading to?" frowning.

"Heaven knows! But I feel sentimental this morning. There is so much beauty surrounding me that I feel impelled to voice my appreciation of it."

"There is no remedy, I suppose."

"None, save the agony of extemporization."

"I have never heard you talk like this before. What is the matter?"

"Perhaps it is the exhilaration I feel for the coming fight. Would you like to see me mayor?"

"Indeed I should. Think of the circus tickets you'd have to give away each year! You know they always give the mayor a handful for his personal use. No, Mr. Warrington, I shall be very proud of you when you are mayor."

"What's the matter with you calling me Richard or Dick?"

"We must not advance too suddenly."

"Is there anything the matter with the name?"

"Oh, no; Richard is quite musical in its way. But I am always thinking of the humpbacked king. If I called you anything it would be Dick."

"Richard was not humpbacked. Moreover, he was a valiant king, greatly maligned by Mr. Shakespeare."

"I see that I shall not dare argue with you on the subject; but we can not banish on so short a notice the early impressions of childhood. Richard Third has always been a bugaboo to my mind. Some day, perhaps, I'll get over it."

"Make it Dick, as a compromise."

"Some day, when I have known you a little longer. Has John ever told you about Mr. McQuade?"

McQuade?" Warrington realized that he had been floating on a pleasant sea. He came upon the hidden shore rather soundly. "McQuade?" he repeated.

"Yes. He had the audacity to propose to mother shortly after father's death. Think of it! John wrote to him very definitely that his presence in the house would no longer be welcomed or tolerated. Father had some slight business transactions with Mr. McQuade, and he came up to the house frequently. He continued these visits after father's death. We treated him decently, but we simply could not make him feel welcome. The third time he called he proposed. Mother left the room without even replying. He understood. A few minutes afterward we heard the door slam. John wrote him the next morning. Did you ever hear of anything to equal the cold-bloodedness of it?"

Warrington looked at her in absolute amazement.

"Well, of all the nerve! Why the deuce didn't John punch his head?" savagely.

"Mr. McQuade is not a gentleman; John is," simply. "But Mr. McQuade hasn't forgotten; not he. He pays no attention to any of us; but that is no sign that he does not think a good deal. However, we do not worry. There is no possible chance for him to retaliate; at least John declares there isn't. But sometimes I grow afraid when I think it all over. To his mind I can see that he considers himself badly affronted; and from what I know of his history he never lets an affront pass without striking back in some manner."

"Don't you worry your head about McQuade. What do you think? He is so anxious to get me out of the political arena that he has sent a man down to New York to look into my past. Isn't that droll?"

Patty stooped again to the fishing tackle.

"Such men as McQuade can invent. I should be very careful, if I were you. Your own conscience may prove you guiltless of scandal, but there are certain people who would rather believe bad than good—scandal than truth; and these are always in the majority. Don't laugh, but watch. That's my

FAITHFUL CANAL EMPLOYES REWARDED WITH MEDALS

Panama canal commission, through ashington office, has nearly com- the work of decorating 2,330 of its es who have won membership in ent but honorable Order of Pana- al Employes, who have served the sion for a period of at least two ears, since the work of the canal began under American sion in 1904, writes the Panama ondent in New York Evening As is well known, the United States ment has no stock of decorations ow on those of its citizens who do of their country or for humanity eral. The best it can do under circumstances is for congress to vote of thanks and hand out a give a gold medal, as was done y to the Wright brothers for their achievements, or to give a medal has no intrinsic value to its own- is sacred on account of the senti- associations attached. The last tion fits the case of the Panama medals just put into circulation. Panama canal medal had its incep- in the enthusiasm of Theodore velt for the work American men oing in helping to dig the ditch. the ex-President made his memor- p to Panama in the fall of 1906, he speech at the close of his visit histobal, in which appeared these ll see if it is not possible to pro- some little memorial, some mark, bridge, which will always distin- the man who, for a certain space has done his work well on this just as the button of the Grand distinguishes the man who did his well in the civil war.

the President came back from gion he did not forget this prom- set the machinery of the govern- to work, and, with practically no ity except his verbal order, the were set going, which resulted recent distribution of the medals. characteristic Rooseveltian vigor ing started at once. Victor D. r, the New York sculptor, who de- the Lincoln penny, was given the to design the medal. So far so but there was no money to buy als to make the medals. That dif- was solved by dragging a few of French dredges out of the marshes ame, where they had laid many breaking them into small chunks, ting down the metal in them for dals.

A Long Undertaking.

mpilation of the list of employes to wear the medals was no small itself, as the complete records of mission had to be gone over, in- those of the employes of the e Canal railroad, and the names be taken down, of every man had been employed between May 4, the date on which the American ment took possession, and Decem- 1908, which was arbitrarily fixed first stopping place in the medal During that period, of course, employes who had served two years ously had left the service, and be found; others had died, and bers had to be ascertained, and were other difficulties of no small to be overcome. Furthermore, had to be devised ways and means rating the sheep from the goats canal service, in order to make that only those who had "done work well" should receive the After due consideration, these were laid down:

American citizens alone shall be for medals, and for naturalized medal service shall be reckoned the date on which citizenship was ed.

Employes of the Isthmian Canal sion of the Panama Railroad company shall be equally eligible for the medal, but service prior to May 4, 1904, the date of the American occupation of the canal zone, shall not be considered.

(3.) Medals shall be numbered consecutively in the order in which they were earned.

(4.) Continuous service on the isthmus alone shall count for medal longevity.

(5.) Service shall have been satisfactory.

(6.) For each two years additional service a bar shall be awarded to be attached to the medal.

It was further decided that in numbering the medals in order of precedence of employes whose medal service began on the same day lots should be drawn to ascertain who should get the first one; that service on the silver roll should count equally with service on the gold roll; that authorized leave of absence should be counted as equivalent to service; that medal service should date from the date of arrival upon the isthmus, and that "satisfactory service" should be construed to mean a service of two continuous years without being "fired" for misconduct or incompetency, although the employe might be later discharged for such reasons.

The Medal Is Produced.

In the meantime the sculptor, Brenner, had been busy, and the result of his labors brought forth a medal about as large as a half-dollar. On its face was engraved an excellent likeness of President Roosevelt, with the words: "For Two Years Continuous Service on Panama Canal" engraved around the edge. On the reverse side was an ideal panorama of a section of the canal, inscribed above which were the words: "The Land Divided, the World United." Below the head of the President, on the face of the medal, room was left for engraving the name of the employe, while below the engraving, on the back of the medal, the number of the employe, in order of precedence, and the date of his first two years of continuous service has been inscribed. If the employe has served four years continuously, he is awarded a bar, as indicated in the rules adopted, which bears on its face the dates of the additional two years of service, while on the back appears the number of the bar issued.

Long before the distribution of the medals began employes of the canal, including those still at work and those who have severed their connection after working two continuous years, began writing the commission offices here asking for them. The work of distribution began on August 24, the postoffice department turning over a set of registry books to the commission with which to register all the medals sent out in order to insure their proper distribution. Most of the medals went to the isthmus for distribution by the commission there, indicating that a large majority of the medal employes are still at work on the canal. In the lot was the first medal issued, which went to a Panama railroad employe named Brewer, who began his service on May 4, 1904, the first day of occupation of the canal zone. Thirty-three men shared this honor, the commission of the commission, and Brewer got the first medal by lot, according to the rules.

Only about 50 of the medals remain unclaimed with the commission, and if their rightful owners are not found soon, they will be stored away in the vaults in the hope that some day the owner will be found or some of his heirs will claim the medal.

Already replies are coming in from the recipients, and they all breathe a tone of deep appreciation for the simple memorial. In several instances, widows of deceased employes have responded by saying that they will keep the medals as a priceless heritage to hand down to the children.

There is every indication that the device has touched a patriotic chord in the hearts of the wearers of the new government medals, and the commission authorities believe the day is not far distant when their wearers will be honored for their exile from home and their hard work, as are the wearers of the insignia of the wars to whom President Roosevelt referred when he first gave public utterance of his inception of the idea.

Beneficent Vesuvius.

Country Life in America.

Volcanoes and sharks are the latest drafted allies of "the man with the hoe." As a result of extended investigations into the results of the 1906 eruption of Vesuvius, the Italian experiment station reports that the fall of volcanic material caused a notable increase in the fertility of the soil.

It hurt crops then in the ground by reason of its crushing weight and the excess of injurious salts and acids. But these harmful elements were all highly soluble and have already volatilized or washed away, while the remaining ejects have added vast quantities of needed potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen.

Far away Tasmania, whose shores are infested with sharks in apparently uncountable numbers, has ceased to dread the monsters and is now getting rich by using them as fertilizer in its immense apple orchards.

GENERAL CENSUS OF FARMS PROVES BIG HELP

This Feature of Government Work Greatly Benefits Agriculturalists.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—The thirteenth general census of the United States will be taken beginning April 15, 1910. About 65,000 enumerators will engage then in the huge task of counting every man, woman and child in the country, and of ascertaining for each individual the color, sex, age, conjugal condition, place of birth, place of birth of parents, number of years in the United States, citizenship, occupation, whether or not employer or employe, and if employe, whether or not employed at the date of enumeration, and the number of months employed during the preceding calendar year.

All of this, and certain additional information, is a part of the census of population, and must be ascertained for everyone, regardless of occupation. In addition, congress has provided for the collection of detailed information regarding the three principal productive industries of the country—agriculture, manufactures, and mines and quarries.

The census of 1900 showed that the United States is still primarily an agricultural country. The total value of all farm property on June 1, 1900, was nearly twenty and one-half billions of dollars, a sum more than twice that of the aggregate capital invested in manufactures, which was approximately nine billion eight hundred million dollars.

Of all the subjects covered by the census law, the census of agriculture is generally regarded as of the greatest importance to the country.

The farm census is taken primarily for the benefit of the farmer, and upon the accuracy of the information given the enumerator by the farmer next April depends to a large extent the value of the statistical work to be carried on in the farmer's behalf during the next five years, not only by the federal and state departments of agriculture but by students of agricultural conditions in all parts of the world. To what extent the very marked increase during recent years in the cost of living, and especially in the cost of certain kinds of farm produce, is due to shortage in production, is a question of vital moment to a vast number of people. A complete and accurate census of farm areas, products, and values will furnish data which, studied in connection with the revised population figures, should throw much light on the great question of our national food supply. The farmer and the urban consumer alike desire information along these lines. It lies with the farmer to provide it.

How the Farmer Can Help.

By preparing an accurate account of his farm operations during the year ending December 31, 1909, and by making an inventory on April 15, 1910, of all his farm possessions, the farmers of the country can render the census bureau and the public at large an inestimable service. It is not to be expected that farmers will ever keep as complete accounts as do manufacturers and merchants. The very nature of their occupation, the long hours and arduous labor of the summer months are a partial bar to scientific bookkeeping. The fact that a large part of his daily bread is supplied from his own farm instead of being purchased out of cash on hand, naturally causes the farmer to place an uncertain value on the products consumed in his home. Nevertheless a constantly increasing number of farmers are keeping accurate records of their daily receipts and expenses and of the exact quantities of all classes of products grown or raised on their farms. Wherever such records are kept the census enumerators are able to obtain highly accurate reports without taking more than a few minutes of the farmer's time and without troubling him to make difficult estimates.

Scope of Farm Census.

The schedules, according to an act of congress, shall include name, color, and country of birth of occupant of each farm, tenure, acreage of farm, acreage of woodland and character of timber thereon; value of farm and improvements; value of farm implements; number and value of live stock on farms and ranges; number and value of domestic animals not on farms and ranges; and the acreage of crops planted and to be planted during the year of enumeration, and the acreage of crops and the quantity and value of crops and other farm products for the year ending December 31 next preceding the enumeration.

The schedule prepared by the director of census is divided into five parts as follows:

Personal Information Regarding the Farmer.—Under this head farmers will be asked to give their name, post-office address, color or race, age, nation in which born, tenure, length of residence on farm, and if a tenant, the name and address of the person from whom land is leased.

General Information Regarding Farm Acreage, Value and Expenses—Each farm operator will be required to state the total number of acres in his farm, and also the number of acres of improved land. The census defines a farm as all the land under the control or personal direction of a single individual or firm, upon which animals, fowls, and agricultural products are raised or produced. The farm of a tenant, renter, or cropper includes the land leased by him from others and farmed under his management or direction.

By improved land is meant all land regularly tiled or mowed, land temporarily pastured, land lying fallow, land in gardens, orchards, vineyards, and nurseries, and land occupied by buildings. The number of acres of timbered land will also be called for. Statements will be required as to farm values and of farm expenses. Also of the amount paid in 1909 for manure and other fertilizers.

Crops and Animal Products—Four facts are required to be ascertained regarding each principal crop grown on the farm in 1909: The number of acres harvested, the quantity produced, the value of the product, and the number of acres sown or planted or to be sown or planted for harvest in 1910. The value given should be based upon the prices received in the local markets. The crops called for on the schedule are crops grown exclusively for their grain or seed, crops grown exclusively for hay or forage, crops of sundry classes, crops grown for sugar or syrup, fruits and nuts, vegetables, fruit products, forest products, animal products, animals sold alive and animals slaughtered, wool and mohair, dairy products, poultry and eggs, bees and honey.

Inventory of Live Stock, Poultry and Bees on Hand April 15, 1910—The census classifications of domestic animals according to kind and age follow closely the classifications used by the United States department of agriculture and the principal live stock breeders' associations. The classification by ages is very simple, and it is hoped that farmers will observe it carefully. A statement is desired of the number of calves, lambs, colts, mule colts, kids and pigs brought forth on the farm during 1909. A statement will be required of the number and value of chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and guinea fowls on hand April 15, 1910. Separate reports may be required of those under three months old and those over that age. The number of swarms, hives or colonies of bees on the farm April 15, 1910, will be asked for.

Miscellaneous Information—Mention is here made of certain possible inquiries that do not come naturally under the other general heads. The amount of mortgage indebtedness; the number of acres of irrigated lands and the method of irrigation; the number of acres of land leased to other farmers.

With the practical co-operation of the farmers of the country in preparing in advance accurate records of their products and property, the officials of the census of 1910 are confident of being able to present the most accurate and interesting statistics of agriculture ever published.

A FINE DEAFNESS TREATMENT FREE

Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse — the worlds of business and pleasure, life becomes a fearful blank.

Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness when you may have your full sense of hearing, quick and acute? I have rescued thousands from Deafness. I can rescue YOU, if you come before it is too late.

Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness, and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve human suffering, and out of the consciousness of my power to cure Deafness, I gladly make you this gift. My treatment has cured thousands of people of the most distressing, wearing head noises and restored their full, perfect hearing. Write for the treatment today and give me the opportunity to show how YOU MAY BE CURED, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

All I ask is that you will act Now. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been great and applicants for treatment are many, so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember this treatment for Deafness is given you without any charge whatever. It is absolutely free. Send off now, in this mail, a post card, or letter request with your name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment for Deafness.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

advice to you, Mr. Meddler." She smiled brigtly at him as she threaded the line through the guides of the rod.

"I may not have lived as cleanly as I might have," he said soberly. "I have been knocked about so much. There was a time, Patty, when I came near making a fool of myself." He sat down, his legs swinging over the water. "I drank more than was good for me." He stared into the brown water and watched the minnows as they darted hither and thither. "I was alone; things went wrong, and I was cowardly enough to fall into the habit. But it was only periodically. You remember that letter I showed you?"

"Yes." Patty's voice was low.

"I believe I have read it a thousand time. It has caused me a great many regrets. I should like, some day, to meet the writer and disillusion her. One thing she may be sure of: I have never belittled the talent God has given me. I have striven for the ideal; I have even fought for it. That part of my life holds no stain."

"But the habit?" hesitant.

"It is gone, where all fool-habits go, when a man has will power to rid himself of them. Pride has something to do with it; and I have my share of pride. I shall never go back."

His head was turned away, but she could see the muscles in the jaws harden.

"You will never go back, I am sure, Richard."

That she had at last pronounced his given name did not stir him; in fact, it passed over his head and hearing. Like a dragon-brood, he saw in fancy his past follies springing up about him. Not yet could he tell this clean-minded, gentle-bred girl that he loved her. He must prove himself still further before he might utter what so thoroughly filled his heart and mind.

"Your brother's wife brought me to my senses. What I am today she in part has made. That is why I think so much of her; that is why I am happy to see that she is happy and has realized her heart's desire. Heigh-ho! I believe I am making you my confessor." He turned his face toward her now, and his smile was rather sad. "When I recall the worry I have given my poor old aunt, who loves me so, I feel like a contemptible scoundrel. How many countless sacrifices has she made for me, in the days when we had nothing! But she shall have all the comforts now, and all the love and kindness I am capable of giving her. I shall never leave her again."

There were tears in Patty's eyes. "It is never too late to mend; and when a man is penitent, truly and honestly penitent, much shall be forgiven him. It is only those who are by nature coarse who do not eventually surmount temptation. What you have told me I have known this long while."

"You have known?" he cried with sinking heart.

"Yes. We live in a city where gossip travels quickly and thoroughly. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was telling mother one afternoon that you drank. I suppose she felt it her duty."

"To be sure," bitterly. "Was it while I have been living at home?"

"No; when the rumor came that you were coming."

He shrugged expressively. "I ought to have known."

"But come; you are up here to be cheered, not lectured. Let us play billiards. I can beat John and Kate playing now. We'll play sides; and if we win against those two, I promise to call you Richard once a day while you are up here. Or, would you rather I played and sang?"

"Much rather," brightening up a bit. "There is always time to play billiards. But first, I want you to come with me into the reading room. I have something to show you; I had almost forgotten."

"The reading room?" puzzled.

"Yes. Will you come?"

She nodded her assent, and the two entered the house. Warrington, having arrived at the writing desk, bade her sit down. He had an idea. Patty sat down.

"I want you to write something for me," he said, pushing the pen and tablet toward her.

"What's the matter with your hand?" she demanded.

"Nothing."

"Then why do you want me to write?"

"I have never seen your handwriting. I'm something of an expert in that line. I'll read your future."

"But I don't want my future read," rebelliously.

"Well, then, your past."

"Much less my past. Come; you are only beating about the bush. What is it you want?"

"I want to know," he said quietly, "why you have kept me in ignorance all this while." He laid the letter on the desk, and placed a finger on the watermark. "It wasn't fair to let me compose panegyrics over it all the while you were laughing in your sleeve. Ah, I've caught you. You can't get away this time, Patty."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about." But she looked at the letter and not at him.

"Do you see those watermarks?" he demanded.

"Yes. You will find them in a thousand tablets like this. I bought a dozen of them in New York; cheap and handy."

Warrington's confidence in his discovery began to shade. He braced himself and took a bold course.

"Patty, you wrote that letter; you know you did. You wrote it in New York, the day you bought the tablets."

"I?"

"Yes. Confess."

"My dear Mr. Warrington, you must prove it," lightly. "It would not be proper for me to admit that I had been so foolish as to write a letter like that."

"But you've praised it!"

"Simply because praising it would please you; for no other reason."

"Did you, or did you not write it?"

"Find out. You must prove that I wrote it. Certainly I have nothing to confess."

"You will not answer me one way or the other?"

"No."

"If you had not written it you would."

"I don't believe I shall sing this morning," rising.

"And I have wondered a thousand times who could have written it. And all the time it was you."

"Nor play billiards," went on Patty.

"If only I were all you hitherto believed me to be!"

"Nor fish tomorrow morning."

"This letter has been like an anchor. Immediately upon receiving it I began to try to live better."

"Nor fish the day after tomorrow."

"And I had forgotten all about Jack's having a sister!"

"Something I shall neither forget nor forgive. And if you persist in accusing me of writing that letter, I promise not to fish again while you are here." She walked toward the door, her chin held high.

"You wrote it. Come and sing. I'll say nothing more about it. There's nothing more to be said." He carelessly picked up a book and looked at the fly-leaf. "From Sister Patty to Brother John," he read. There was no mistake now. He laughed. Patty turned. "The writing is the same."

"Is it?"

"Will you sing?"

No answer.

"Please."

Patty stood between the door that led to the veranda and the door that led to the music-room—between Charybdis and Scylla, as it were, for she knew he would follow her whichever way she went. She turned into the music-room.

"Thanks," he said.

The days passed all too quickly for Warrington. He walked in the golden glow of his first romance, that romance which never leaves us till life itself departs. He spoke no word of his love, but at times there was something in his voice that thrilled Patty and subdued her elfish gaiety. Some girls would have understood at once, but Patty was different. She was happy one moment, and troubled the next, not knowing the reason. She was not analytical; there was no sophistry in her young heart. She did not dream that this man loved her; she was not vain enough for that.

John and Kate watched them approvingly. They knew the worth of the man; they were not at all worried over what was past. They saw their own romance tenderly reflected. Mrs. Bennington was utterly oblivious. Mothers never realize that their daughters and sons must some day leave them; they refuse to accept this natural law; they lament over it today as they lamented in the days of the Old Testament. The truth is, children are always children to the parents; paternal and maternal authority believes its right indefinite.

By this time all the newspapers, save the Telegraph, had made readable copy out of Warrington's candidacy. Why the Telegraph remained mute was rather mystifying. Warrington saw the hand of McQuade in this. The party papers had to defend the senator, but their defense was not so strong as it might have been. Not a single sheet came out frankly for Warrington. The young candidate smoked his pipe and said nothing, but mentally he was rolling up his sleeves a little each day. He had not yet pulled through the convention. Strong as the senator was, there might yet be a hitch in the final adjustment. So far nothing had come of Bolles' trip to New York. Occasionally newspapers from the nearby towns fell into Warrington's hands. These spoke of his candidacy in the highest terms, and belabored the editors of Herculaneum for not accepting such a good chance of ridding itself of McQuadeism.

Meantime, there was fishing, long trips into the heart of the forests, dancing at the hotel at the head of the lake, billiards and music. Warrington was already deeply tanned, and Patty's nose was liberally sprinkled with golden freckles.

One evening Kate and John sat on the veranda from where they could easily watch Warrington and Patty in the music room.

"What do you think of it, John?"

"There's not a finer chap in the world. But I don't think Patty realizes yet."

"Dear Patty!" Kate reached over and took his hand in hers, laying it against her cold cheek. "What is it, John? You have been worried all day."

"Nothing; noting to worry you with."

"The shop? It worries me when you don't confide in me in everything."

"Well, dear, the trouble I've been expecting for months is about to come. You know that young Chittenden, the English inventor, has been experimenting with a machine that will do the work of five men. They have been trying to force him to join the union, but he has refused, having had too many examples of unionism in his own country to risk his independence here. Well, I received a letter from the general manager this morning. Either Chittenden must join or go; otherwise the men will go out September first."

"What shall you do?"

"I shall keep Chittenden. I am master there," striking the arm of his chair; "master in everything. If they go out in September, it will be for good. I shall tear down the shops and build model tenements."

"John!"

"I am sick and tired, dear. I have raised the wages all over the district; my men work less than any other hands in town. I have built a gymnasium for them, given them books, pool tables and games, to say nothing of the swimming tank. I have arranged the annual outings. I have established a pension list. But all this seems to have done no good. I am at the end of the rope. Oh, the poor devils who work are all right; it's the men outside who are raising all this trouble; it's the union, not the men. There's no denying the power these men can wield, for wrong or right. Ignorance can not resist the temptation to use it at all times and for all purposes. But I am master at the Bennington shops; injustice shall not dictate to me. They'll use it politically, too. After all, I'm glad I've told you."

"But, John, I'm afraid for you. They may hurt you."

John answered with a sound that was more of a growl than a laugh.

"Don't worry about me, honey; I'm no weakling. I wish Dick could be with me when the fight comes, but he will have his hands full, and the strike will not help him any. Don't you worry. Father always felt that there would be trouble some day. He held a large bundle of bank stock and railroad bonds, and the income from these alone will take care of us very comfortably. There's a good deal of real estate, too, that may be reckoned on. If the crash does come, we'll pack up, take the mother, and go abroad for a year or so. But before I'm done I'll teach local unionism a lesson it will not forget soon. Don't you worry," he repeated again; "you just leave it to me."

She did not speak, but kissed his hand. She knew that no pleading could move him; and besides, he was in the right.

"I don't understand the lukewarmness of the party papers," he said. "They ought to hurrah over Dick. But perhaps the secret machinery is being set to work, and they've been told that there will be trouble at the convention. The senator never backs down, and I've never seen anybody that could frighten Dick. There'll be some interesting events this fall. Herculaneum will figure in the newspapers from Maine to California, for everybody is familiar with Warrington's name and work. It's a month yet before the delegates get together; either Warrington will run or he won't. Calling him a meddler is good. If the Times isn't a meddler, I never saw one and have misunderstood the meaning of the word."

In the music room Patty was playing Grieg and MacDowell, and Warrington was turning the pages. The chords, weird and melancholy, seemed to permeate his whole being, sad, haunting music that told of toil, tears, death and division, failure and defeat, hapless love and loveless happiness. After a polonaise, Patty stopped.

"If music were only lasting, like a painting, a statue, a book," she said; "but it isn't. Why, these things haunt me every day, but I can recollect nothing; I have to come back to the piano. It is elusive."

"And the most powerful of all the arts that arouse the emotions. Hang it! when I hear a great singer, a great violinist, half the time I find an invisible hand clutching me by the throat. . . . Patty, honestly, now didn't you write that letter?"

"Yes," looking him courageously in the eyes. "And I hope you were not laughing when you said all those kind things about it."

"Laughing? No," gravely. "I was not laughing. Play something lively; Chaminade; I am blue tonight."

So Patty played the light, enchanting sketches. In the midst of one of them she stopped suddenly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought I heard the boat's whistle. Listen. Yes, there it is. It must be a telegram. They never come up to the head of the lake at night for anything less. There goes John with a lantern."

"Never mind the telegram," he said; "play."

A quarter of an hour later John and Kate came in.

"A telegram for you, Dick," John announced, sending the yellow envelope skimming through the air.

Warrington caught it deftly. He balanced it in his hand speculatively.

"It is probably a hurry-call from the senator. I may have to go back to town tomorrow. I have always hated telegrams."

He opened it carelessly and read it. He read it again, slowly; and Patty, who was nearest to him, saw his face turn gray under the tan and his lip tremble. He looked from one to the other dumbly, then back at the sheet in his hand.

"Richard!" said Kate, with that quick intuition which leaps across chasms of doubt and arrives definitely.

"My aunt died this afternoon," he said, his voice breaking, for he had not the power to control it.

Nobody moved; a kind of paralysis touched them all.

"She died this afternoon, and I wasn't there." There is something terribly pathetic in a strong man's grief.

"Dick!" John rushed to his side. "Dick, old man, there must be some mistake."

He seized the telegram from Warrington's nerveless fingers. There was no mistake. The telegram was signed by the family physician. Then John did the kindliest thing in his power.

"Do you wish to be alone, Dick?"

Warrington nodded. John laid the telegram on the table, and the three of them passed out of the room. A gust of wind, coming down from the mountains, carried the telegram gently to the floor. Warrington, leading against the table, stared down at it.

What frightful things these missives are! Charged with success or failure, riches or poverty, victory or defeat, births or deaths, they fly to and fro around the great world hourly, on ominous and sinister wings. A letter often fails to reach us, but a telegram, never. It is the messenger of fate, whose emissaries never fail to arrive.

Death had never before looked into Warrington's life; he had viewed it with equanimity, with a tolerant pity for those who succumbed to it, for those whose hearts it ravaged with loneliness and longing. He had used it frequently in his business as a property by which to arouse the emotions of his audiences. That it should some day stand at his side, looking into his eyes, never occurred to him. He tried to think, to beguile himself into the belief that he should presently awake to find it a dream. Futile expedient! She was dead; that dear, kind, loving heart was dead. Ah! and she had died alone! A great sob choked him. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his arms. The past rushed over him like a vast wave. How many times had he carelessly wounded that heart which had beat solely for him! How many times had he given his word, only to break it! He was alone, alone; death had severed the single tie; he was alone. Death is kind to the dead, but harsh to the living. Presently his sighs became less regular, and at length they ceased entirely.

The portiere rustled slightly, and Patty's face became visible. Her eyes were wet. She had tried to keep away, but something drew her irresistibly. Her heart swelled. If only she might touch his bowed head, aye, kiss the touches of gray at the temples; if only she might console him in this hour of darkness and grief. Poor boy, poor boy! She knew not how long she watched him; it might have been minutes or hours; she was without recollection of time. A hand touched her gently on the arm. Kate stood by her side.

"Come," she whispered; "come Patty."

Patty turned without question or remonstrance and followed her upstairs.

"Kate, dear Kate!"

"What is it, darling?"

"He is all alone!"

At midnight John tiptoed into the music room. Warrington had not moved. John tapped him on the shoulder.

"You mustn't stay here, old man. Come to bed."

Warrington stood up.

"Would you like a drop of brandy?"

Warrington shook his head.

"It is terribly hard." said John, throwing his arm across the other's shoulders. "I know; I understand. You are recalling all the mistakes, all the broken promises, all the disappointments. That is but natural. But in a few days all the little acts of kindness will return to your memory; all the good times you two have had together, the thousand little benefits that made her last days pleasant. These will soften the blow, Dick."

It rained at Herculaneam that night. The pavement in Williams street glistened sharply, for a wind was swinging the arc-lamps. The trees on the Warrington lawn sighed incessantly, and drip, drip, drip, went the rain on the leaves. Not a light shone anywhere in the house; total darkness brooded over it. In one of the rooms a dog lay with his nose against the threshold of the door. From time to time he whined mournfully. In another rooms an Angora cat stalked restlessly back and forth, sometimes leaping upon a chair, sometimes trotting round and round, and again, wild-eyed and furtive, it stood motionless, as if listening. Death had entered the house, and death, to the beast, is not understandable.

(To Be Continued.)

New York Sun.

Knicker—The government has been after the railroads for years.

Bocker—And yet hasn't succeeded in opening a car window.

Get Back Your Nerve Strength

The Remarkable Dr. Bobertz Treatment Soon Gives Seemingly Marvelous Results.

The results of the Dr. Bobertz Treatment for nervous exhaustion, brain fag, poor memory, lack of ambition, despondency, backache and lowered vitality are probably the most remarkable in all the history of medicine.

"Take the Bobertz Treatment, Old Man, It Will Make Life Sweet Again for You."

Many people are today suffering the loss of true nerve strength through no fault of their own, and thousands have sought in vain for its restoration.

Those who have tried many other nerve treatments with little or no result will be the ones who will be most surprised and pleased at its remarkable results.

"In innumerable cases, including those of doctors and clergymen, and men and women in every station in life," says Dr. Bobertz, "I have produced many astonishing changes even in a few days' time.

To any man or woman who sends name and address together with 26 cents in stamps or coin to help pay postage, package, etc., a $2.00 Treatment will be sent, prepaid. This offer is for a limited time only so send today. Address Dr. G. H. Bobertz, 118 Bobertz Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I wish somebody would give me a method for scaring chicken hawks away. I have chickens that are big enough to fry, but the hawks are beginning to carry them off. Have heard that a common scarecrow is no good. My chicken house is located in a small grove.—K., Berne, Ind.

Some time ago the Farmstead printed a recipe for making English beer. Will the person who sent it in repeat it, so that it may be republished?—D., Welawana, Pa.

Wish somebody who knows would tell me how to raise onions in the muck land along the Lake Erie shore—the nature of the land, the preparation of soil, planting and cultivation, and the varieties of onions raised.—L., Catawissa, Pa.

Last year The Blade published a recipe for apple pickles, made with ripe sweet peppers and apples. Will some one be kind enough to give it to us again?—D., Memphis, Mo.

HOPPER FEEDING

On a great many farms where poultry is kept the feeding is done hurriedly, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. The farmer has other cares and the wife and mother finds it an almost impossible task to feed a mash feed at regular hours every day. The more they can reduce the care of the poultry to simpler methods the more time they have to care for and the more money can be made. The two most important essentials in feeding poultry are to feed the right kind of feed at the right time and to feed it in a form that will prevent too much waste.

With laying hens, the same as with all farm animals, to obtain the best results the food must be palatable and properly balanced to supply the right kind of nourishment. Our experience with hopper feeding for the past three years has been that we find it the most desirable and easiest manner of feeding an ordinary flock of chickens or laying hens.

The principal virtue of hopper feeding is that it affords the fowls an opportunity to choose their own feed and balance their own rations as they need the various kinds of food in the hopper before them. We know that good and profitable chickens can be grown by hopper feeding of various kinds of dry and cracked grains, and it is being practiced on most of our large and successful poultry farms. And when feeding laying hens for market or hatching eggs, I am sure that hopper feeding of beef scraps, with a variety of mixed grains, cracked corn, wheat, rye barley and oats, a blend of grit will succeed better with most of the poultrymen than any other method of feeding.

While much has been written about mash feeding of poultry and its advantages, how many of us know just how much of each kind of feed is required and how many of us feed it at the same time every day? We have learned in feeding poultry that some hens require a different ration from others, according to their age, size, condition and breed. If there are any bad results to come from hopper feeding when there is a good mixture of grains and meat scraps that is kept sweet and clean, we have yet to see them. The number of eggs to be gotten is as great as by any other method of feeding, and one person can care for a great many more fowls than by the old-fashioned method of feeding wet mashes. The hen can balance her own ration according to her wants much easier than we can figure it out for her, and all hens, whether laying or moulting, can get the feed most needed whenever they want it.

Some of the hens will choose meat, some corn and others wheat, barley, etc., at different times, and it is very interesting to watch a flock walk from one box or hopper to another, selecting the various kinds of grains, meat and grit. When fed at intervals the strong and quick eat until they are gorged and the weak or slow eaters get too little. If they have feed in front of them all of the time they eat just what they want of each kind of feed when they want it.

GOATS BETTER THAN SHEEP

The principal reason why goats do better than sheep in some places is that they are practically inexpensive so far as feeding is concerned. They eat the leaves in summer and the soft twigs in winter, and if there is an abundance of either they will not require anything else to sustain life, but this condition exists only in certain localities, and other means must be adopted elsewhere. They are fond of straw and fodder of any kind.

Sugar beet pulp has been fed to them with success. The goats must be taught to eat it, but after once learning they seem not to be able to get enough. In feeding either hay or grain, absolute cleanliness must rule, as goats will not eat soiled food. No other animal is more particular about its food than the goat. Goats require more salt than sheep, owing to the more astringent character of their food. If loose salt is used, the general custom is to give it once a week on regular days.

STORING SWEET POTATOES

Sweet potatoes should be dug before frosts, as the effect of the blasting of the vines is more or less transmitted to the potatoes underground.

After digging, air them out in a well ventilated room or shed, and when thoroughly dry, sort out the choicest, rejecting all those which show any bruises, scabs or rotten spots.

Wrap each potato separately in thin, dry paper. Now sprinkle a layer of fine dry sand in the bottom of a common barrel, lay a paper over this, and arrange a layer of the wrapped potatoes on it. Place another paper over the layer of potatoes, and so on, till the barrel is filled; then set in a dry place, where there will be no danger of freezing and yet where they will not get too damp or warm, as either of these agencies will cause the potatoes to decay.

Some prefer to store sweet potatoes in dry sand alone, but we favor the above plan, since we believe paper to be more conducive to maintaining an even temperature than sand. But either method is practicable.

GOOD FATTENER

Sweet corn will fatten the cockerels on the village lot. Often the corn will get past the eating age and become "hard." This is all the better for putting chicks into marketable shape for a good price. Feed all you can of this as you bring it from the garden. Cut the remainder of the corn, stalks and ears, and let it ripen together. Tie up in bundles, set up where it can dry without molding, and save for variety in winter feeding. A small bundle can be thrown in each pen of layers, the hens will attack the ears, eating every kernel, and then begin on the leaves, ending up with picking and working over all the stalk except the hard butts. Sweet corn fodder, used in this way, makes very good scratching material and the hens and pullets get a lot of needed "filling." In winter time the layers need access to such material and sweet corn can be had now near home

SAVE BREEDING ANIMALS

The present high prices of all kinds of live stock are very likely to continue for a long time, perhaps for years. The prices for hogs, cattle and sheep have been so high for several months that many farmers could not withstand the temptation of fattening and killing off breeding stock and young stock that might have become good breeding stock. This is bound to result in a general shortage of live stock, and it will require a year or more to catch up with the demand.

Some farmers always act on the principle that if products are high today they will be low tomorrow. This is often true, but not always. Meat animals have been high in price for many months, they are very high now, and they may be still higher before the end of the year. If cows, heifer calves, ewes and sows are sold off as short this year as they appear to be selling now, there cannot help but be a shortage next year, with consequent high prices.

The farmer who is keeping his brood sows and ewes and breeding and caring for them properly will have no cause for regret in the future. Market lambs have been a very profitable crop this year. Prices for heavy lambs in August this year have been as good and better than for very young and light stock in June of former years. A single lamb has more than paid for the ewe and her feed for the year, giving a good margin of profit above the wool as clear gain.

Pigs this year have been very profitable, regardless of the high price of corn.

COST OF HORSE FEEDING

It is estimated that the average cost of feeding and caring for work horses at a Canadian experiment station is 32 cents per working day.

The extensive use of bran in the place of oats has effected a very considerable saving in the cost of horse feeding during the year, and the value of bran and oats in different proportions, as compared with oats alone, was studied with five lots containing two work horses each, the grain ration being supplemented with mixed hay.

On some of the rations there were small gains and on others losses, but in general the conclusion was reached that bran may very safely and very profitably constitute a very large percentage of the meal ration of working horses.

Probably equal parts of bran and oats might be taken as a fair proportion in which to mix the two feeds. Where the mixture is being fed to horses with sound teeth there does not seem to be any particular advantage in grinding the oats.

PRESERVING BUTTER

Butter cannot be preserved by any covering. Its inherent quality alone can do this. If it is solidly packed in an air proof receptacle necessarily only the top of it can be affected by contact with the air. But there is always some impurity retained in butter after it is made, in spite of most careful treatment. By skilled management this may be reduced to a minimum, but there will still be some of the buttermilk left in it.

The best made butter exists in the form of small globules after churning and it is possible to wash them in pure cold water so thoroughly that all traces of buttermilk may be got rid of completely; yet each of these globules is made up of similar particles adhering to each other, and these have the form of still smaller globules, so there are yet some minute particles of buttermilk unavoidably left in the butter which cannot be removed unless it is actually melted into oil and then solidified again.

Under the best conditions the best made butter may be kept six months in a dry, cool cellar, well ventilated, when it is packed in a perfectly pure, air-tight jar or tub, and this without addition to it of more than the due proportion in flavor—to some tastes—during this time of storage.

Salt is a pure and some antiseptic entirely devoid of flavor, as saltpeter, may assist in keeping butter, but there is no necessity for its use. If, however the maker has not the experience which gives confidence, the use of one-quarter ounce of it to the pound of butter will be a help in the keeping of it. This and the salt, one ounce to the pound, together should be reduced to a fine powder and intimately mixed with the butter.

FUNGICIDES

Any poisonous solution used to destroy fungi, or to retard their development, is called a fungicide. Fungi are minute plants which have no chlorophyl or leaf green, and are thus unable to feed on inorganic compounds. They live either as parasites on living plants or as saprophytes on dead plants. Many of the parasitic forms which occur on cultivated plants are very injurious to their host, causing what are called fungous diseases. Without proper protection the host plant is often destroyed or is unable to mature a profitable crop of fruit or seed.

The most common forms of fungous diseases are known as mildews, leaf spots, cankers, fruit rots and the like. The manner of fungi causing these diseases live within the host plant, and for this reason it is impossible to reach and destroy them after the plant becomes infected.

Therefore, nearly all sprayings with fungicides must be preventive, not curative. After the scab has attacked the apple or the blight attacked the potato, the disease cannot be cured. But the sprayer can keep the disease from attacking other plants, by covering them with spray containing copper. This means that unless spraying is done at proper time it is useless. The only intelligent way to combat fungi is to determine, for any plant, the season of attack of its different parasites, and to forestall infection by thoroughly covering every part of the plant with an effective fungicide.

All the more important fungicides contain either copper or sulphur in some form. The fungicide most generally used is Bordeaux mixture, which is prepared by mixing a solution of copper sulphate (bluestone) with milk of lime. The mixture has a decided insecticidal value in the case of flea beetles, but aside from that it is of no value to controlling insect pests.

Various other substances are used in place of Bordeaux mixture for certain diseases. The lime sulphur wash has great fungicidal value, especially against leaf curl, when used as a dormant wash for scale insects.

WINTER POULTRY FEED

The fall of the year is the time to collect and store winter feed for poultry. Grains and other dry feeds may be secured at any time of the year, but homegrown green feeds can be gathered for storage only at this season. It will pay to save all of the cabbage heads and stalks, small potatoes, turnips, beets and other surplus or waste vegetables to feed to laying hens when the plants are no longer green on the range. A cellar under the barn or other outside building is a good place to store these vegetables for poultry, and in the absence of a cellar they may be stored in small earthen pits. The advantage of the small pit is that when it is opened only a small quantity of the stored vegetables is exposed for spoiling.

Green vegetables for poultry in winter seem to restore partial summer conditions, and hence promote greater egg production. Hens that are given a small daily ration of green cabbage, sugar beets, or other green vegetables which they like will lay more eggs than hens fed wholly on a dry ration, and the vegetables are less expensive than the grains. Onions, cabbage leaves and potato parings can be turned to good account if saved and given to hens in cold weather, and the same is true of celery tops, apple peelings and cores, and all the green refuse from the kitchen. If this item is looked after now and all the available crops gathered and stored, there will be plenty for the hens in winter, and the extra eggs will more than pay for the trouble. The more cheap feeds used the less high priced feeds will be required, and the more profit there will be in keeping the flock.

GETTING PULLETS READY

Many of the March and April hatched pullets will soon begin to lay, if they are given the proper feed and care. The thing to do with any growing animal is to keep it growing at a rapid rate, and chickens are no exception. If pullets are made to mature before cold weather they will soon begin to lay and bring in some profits when products are high. If they are starved and stunted so that they make of low vitality they cannot be expected to lay during the cold weather.

So many people imagine that they can get something for nothing and that chickens can pick all their living. It there is always scattered grain about the farm buildings and the chickens have free range they need no extra feeding. But this is very seldom the case. One day or other may be some scattered grain and the chickens will get all they need, but for many succeeding days they will half starve.

Chickens must be fed if they are to grow and lay eggs. They must not only have all they will eat, but they must have a variety to build up the different tissues of the body and to supply the different elements of the egg. The most active hens, as a rule, are the ones that lay the most eggs, but most people carry this principle too far, and strive to make their hens active by inducing them to scratch in straw for a small amount of feed. Some of them imagine that if they could keep the hens excessively active they would lay an unusually large amount of eggs, regardless of whether they were fed anything or not. Plenty of feed and plenty of exercise will promote health, but much exercise with no feed will kill any animal.

The pullets of most any breed on the range are active. It is the nature of the young bird to be so. Hence we need not concern ourselves so much about the exercise as about the quantity and kinds of feed. If the pullets are to begin laying early they must be watered daily in connection with good feeding. Feed well, water regularly, and keep them free from lice and disease and the pullets will do their part and do it well.

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"My attention having been drawn to Postum, I began its use on leaving off the coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a delicious beverage; like it just as well as I did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing symptoms that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 92 years old. I owe all this to Postum." "There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Grocers sell.

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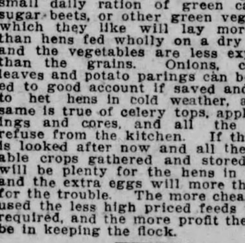

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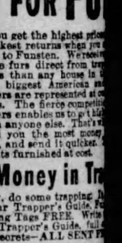

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pustules, pimples on the head, on the bones, or on
hot headaches, our special treatment will
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that date that company discontinued taking
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furnish you the job and the
teach you the work You need
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Exhibition in Mississippi.

Cull in Leslie's Weekly.

It is authoritatively stated that the exhibition went into effect in there were 31 saloons which ally the state and city $1,500 to the state, $300 to the cksburg—as licenses; or a ue to the state of Mississ- the city of Vicksburg, an- the saloons of about $46 - change for this revenue, the ksburg had licensed some 40 saloons (at the time of the sit), which paid $75 yearly the city's treasury, or, say, —a loss of $43,500 annual- loon license; and the "wets" much liquor and beer were med in Vicksburg at that ite of Colonel Hayes' detec- rt, as there had been before took effect. Since this In- of Vicksburg the supreme Mississippi ruled that not even ld be sold in the state. t that ruling has had on the writer is not in a posi-

e Strength of Youth
middle-aged or young men who are not so strong and sturdy as would like to be will find our new mechanical device a wonderful help that can be always relied upon. No treatment required. No harmful stimulants. A marvelous invention that is easily and quickly applied and produces immediate results. Satisfaction guaranteed or refunded. Write today for particulars.
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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GEORGE H. THOMAS

Please publish a biography of General George H. Thomas—A. B. C., Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

George Henry Thomas was born July 28, 1810. He graduated from West Point in 1840. He served in the war against the Seminoles in Florida and the Mexican war. He was instructor at the military academy in 1851-4. in 1855 he went on duty in the west. He served during the civil war in the federal army. During this war he was never defeated when he held full command. He was commissioned a major general in the regular army at the close of the war. Afterwards he was assigned to the command of the military division of the Pacific.

LADY JANE FRANKLIN

Who was Lady Jane Franklin?—B. C., Irving, Mich.

Lady Jane Franklin, the second wife of Sir John Franklin, to whose unwearied energy, devotion and hopefulness we are indebted for the knowledge of the fate of her gallant husband, was married to Sir John Franklin in November, 1826. In 1848, when owing to the long absence of news about the expedition of the Erebus and Terror, fears began to be entertained about its safety, Lady Franklin offered large rewards to any persons who should discover and relieve the missing voyagers. From that time until 1857, when she fitted out the Fox, under McClintock, whose discoveries set all doubts about the fate of her husband's expedition at rest, Lady Franklin never rested in her efforts to incite by voice, pen and purse, her own countrymen and Americans to search for the missing ships. Her interest in Arctic explorations never flagged up to her last illness and death in 1875.

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Please tell us through the Question Bureau the way sponges are prepared for the market.—G. N. S., Blooming Grove, Tex.

The boats which put out to sea are manned by crews of from 5 to 15 men, and are fitted out for trips of from four to eight weeks on the sponge ground. The crews are then paired off into small rowboats to catch the sponges. There is one man in the stern who skulls the boat, while the other kneels in the bottom, amidships, leaning over the side to scan the bottom of the sea with a water glass. When he sees a sponge the boat is stopped, and the kneeling man uses a three-pronged hook, attached to a slender pole 30 to 50 feet in length, to secure it. The men must have considerable dexterity to reach that for which they seek. The sponges are cured by being spread on the deck of the vessel in their natural upright position, so that they will die, and while decomposing allow the soft animal matter to run off freely. When they have been several days in this position they are taken to shore and thrown into the water in little pens where the remaining substance is soaked and squeezed out, after which the sponges are removed at intervals and beaten with a stick to facilitate the process. They are then trimmed and cleaned of sand and shells and pressed into small bales of about 100 pounds each, in which form they go to the wholesale dealers.

EUGENE FIELD

Will you please give me a brief sketch of Eugene Field?—A. S., Purcell, Pa.

Eugene Field, the author, was born September 2, 1850, and died November 4, 1895. As his mother died when he was very young he was placed in the care of a relative at an early age. He disliked mathematics, his favorite study being Latin. His father died before he left college and his guardian caused him to remove from Williams college to Knox college. He finished his course in the University of Missouri in 1871. He then went to Europe for six months and when he returned took up newspaper work. In 1889 he went to Europe again with his family and spent one year. There he had a large number of acquaintances among the literary people and received many flattering invitations for his ability as a literary man had been demonstrated in his work on the various newspapers of this country. He wrote a great many verses for and about children. These verses are exceptionally good and his reputation could have been made by them alone.

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FOURIERISM

Please tell what you know concerning Fourier and his schemes.—F. G. S., Eggleston, Va.

Francois Marie Charles Fourier was born at Besancon, 1772. He was a French Socialist and devoted his spare time to the study of social problems, until he developed the system of Socialism to which his name is commonly given. This system is contained in several works, written and published under discouraging circumstances. He died in 1837. Fourierism differs materially from Communism, strictly so-called, and all other social theories, and professes to be based on mathematical principles, as fixed and certain as those of geometry. The earth and human society, he taught, are in their crude and infantile stage. The period of the race is to be 80,000 years, the latter portion of which will be its declining phase, as the present is its descending. The middle term will be a long period of maturity, prosperity and happiness. What we call civilization he considered a false and imperfect condition, with poverty, crime, ignorance, idleness, repugnant toil, disease, wasting wars, general antagonism, oppression and misery. He believed that association would produce general richness, honest industries and happiness. Considering attractions, and repulsions the governing forces of all nature, and that God had distributed them for the happiness of all his creatures, he held that "attractions are proportional to destinies," or that the destines of man, if they could have free scope, would infallibly produce the highest condition of which they are capable. He believed in a universal harmony, flowing from and centering in God, the author of all harmonies, and that there is, therefore, a principle of "universal analogy." Seeing that all things, from sun and planets, to atoms, range themselves in groups and series, according to certain fixed laws of attraction and repulsion, he labored to discover the kind of humanity that must eventually form itself in obedience to those laws. This is the association which is to consist of 400 families, or 1,800 persons, which number he found included the whole circle of human capacities. These should live in one immense edifice in the center of a large and highly cultivated domain, furnished with workshops, studios, and all the agencies to industry and art, as well as sources of amusement and pleasure. When the earth is covered with places of attractive industry, the associations will all unite in groups and series, under a unitary government. There will be but one language and one government, and the only army will be the great industrial armies, which will drain swamps, irrigate deserts, plant forests, and effect the amelioration of climates. The passions of the human soul, to which this system would give full scope, he described as the five sensitive—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch; four effective—friendship, love, ambition and paternity; three distributive—the emulative, alternating and composite. In these he found the springs of industry and true society. Emulation, the desire of success, honors, rewards, is the great stimulant to exertion; alternation of employments makes work a recreation; and the composite passion requires what combinations of charms and employments which only associations can give. Many attempts have been made to carry the ideas of Fourier into practice; but they have all been on a small scale and with inadequate means, and have failed.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY

What is President Taft's salary? Has congress power to change the President's salary without amendment to the Constitution? Has congress power to appropriate money for the President's traveling or other expenses?—C. F. P., Bath, Mich.

President Taft's salary is $75,000 per year. The constitution does not stipulate any amount that shall be paid a President; the matter is entirely in the hands of congress. Congress also has the power to appropriate money for the President's traveling and other expenses. Mr. Taft receives $25,000 for traveling expenses. A similar amount was appropriated when Mr. Roosevelt was President.

ALGIERS

Can you give an account of the city of Algiers?—C. C. B., Crown Hill, W. Va.

Algiers, the capital of Algeria, was built about 935 A. D. by an Arab chief. It rises from the sea-shore up the side of a precipitous hill in the form of an equilateral triangle. The apex is formed by the Casbah, the ancient fortress of the Deys, which is 500 feet above the sea level, and commands the whole town. The base is a mile in length. The present city may be regarded as divided into two parts; the old, or high town, the new, or low town. With the exception of some mosques, the latter consists of wharves, warehouses, government houses, squares and streets, principally built and inhabited by French, while the former is almost wholly Moorish both in its edifices and inhabitants. The great center of bustle and activity in Algiers, is the Place Royale, a large oblong space in the town planted with orange and lime trees, and surrounded by houses in the European style. Here may be found as motley a crowd as anywhere in the world, denizens of all ner efforts to incite by voice, pen and purse, her own countrymen and Americans to search for the missing ships. Her interest in Arctic explorations never flagged up to her last illness and death in 1875.

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ELECTRICITY FOR WAR

Shocks Could Destroy Every Battleship Afloat, Says Nixon.

New York American.

Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder, graduate of the United States naval academy, and for several years one of the chief constructors of the American navy, flouts the theory that the airship in any of its forms will become a formidable war machine.

Instead, Mr. Nixon believes that the death-dealing terror of the war of the future will be the electric shock.

This conclusion has been forced upon his judgment by a careful study of the subject of new war agencies and by closely watching the maneuvers of the Wright aeroplane as it sailed up the Hudson Monday afternoon and circled the representatives of the world's greatest navies.

In Mr. Nixon's opinion, warships can guard against the danger of explosives that might be dropped upon them by airships by specially prepared armor. He believes, though, that sooner or later there will be perfected a gun or some other piece of mechanism for hurling a thunder bolt that will shock to death every man aboard a warship, irrespective of its protection.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Nixon Tuesday to an American reporter, "that the thing could be done now, but the mechanism is so crude that the thunder bolt, or electric impulse would kill the man who should release it, as well as the enemy. It is possible, of course, that some foreign nation already has perfected the necessary machine with which to hurl the deadly bolt. I houpe, however, that it has not been done. When the principle is mastered the result will make war so horribly destructive that the human race, through the sheer force of nature's first law—self-preservation—will abolish war.

"The aeroplane is mainly interesting now on account of the fact of what may grow from it. Possibly we shall see them like swarms of giant locusts flying over and beyond armies, to occupy positions and to cut off communications.

"For purposes of observation they will be of great use. The helicopter, owing to its smaller dimensions, seems best adapted to such uses, especially to be carried on men-of-war.

"In so far as I can see, the dirigible, which will combine much that the aeroplane is now proving out, is the ship of the future."

Why He Was Bashful.

Kansas City Journal.

A Hutchinson girl declares this story is true. She was visiting at a small Kansas town recently, and while there her hostess gave a party in her honor and invited the pick of the whole countryside. Among the guests was a bay who had been to Topeka, so she had heard.

She had some acquaintances in Topeka and tried to draw him out, inquiring: "How did you like Topeka?"

The young fellow blushed and looked down before he murmured: "Oh, pretty well."

"Do you know many people there" she continued, trying to get him interested, and attributing his reticence to bashfulness.

"Why, not many," he said, tugging at his collar, as if it were strangling him.

"I suppose you went to the park while you were there?" she asked

"No," he replied; "I did not attend any of the affairs at the park."

She talked about other things and later, when an opportunity came, asked the hostess why that boy had been so reticent about talking of Topeka. The hostess threw up her hands.

"We simply had to invite him," she replied. "He belongs to a good family. As a matter of fact, he has just returned from Topeka, where he has been in the reform school!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE APPEAL TO CAESAR

International Sunday School Lesson for October 24 Is "Paul a Prisoner Before Festus and Agrippa." Acts 25:6—26:32.

By William T. Ellis.

A man regnant in manhood, though chained to a jailer, and standing for his highest rights in the face of kings—that is the specatcle which some 25,000,000 Sunday school members are called upon to consider this week. The adventurous hero, Paul, whose stirring career has been the theme of study for weeks, is once more brought forth from his Caesarea prison in order to appear before another ruler; and on this occasion he delivers one of his most celebrated orations. The incident links itself very closely to the life of today.

Governor Felix, the grafter, had left Paul in prison, as a sop to the ecclesiastical party in Jerusalem. He was the sort of public man who could not do a direct, disinterested deed; his very nature had become such that he could not help playing politics. Another truckling politician, Festus, was sent to represent Rome in the control of this turbulent Jewish province. He went early to Jerusalem to "make himself solid" with the leaders of the Pharisees there, who promptly tried to prevail on him to send his noted prisoner down to Jerusalem for trial—meaning all the while to carry out the long-deferred plot of assassinating Paul en route. The malignant enmity of the Jews toward the apostate member of their high court seemed to have no bounds. Yet it never turned Paul against his nation; Walpole's cynical remark, "I should love my country if it were not for my countrymen," has no parallel in his utterance. His magnanimous spirit is typified by the words, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." Such sentiments as this give us the true measurement of this giant in chains.

"I Appeal to the Emperor."

The humbliest Roman citizen could appeal from the decision of any judge to the emperor himself. When the sycophantic Festus suggested, to curry favor with the Jews, that Paul consent to the improper procedure of standing trial in Jerusalem, the great saint blazed forth in words of manliness that thrill the reader:

"Nay, I am standing at the emperor's bar, the place where I ought to be tried. I have not wronged the Jews, as you yourself can see clearly enough. If, however, I have done wrong, and have committed any offense deserving death, I do not ask to escape it; but if there is nothing in the accusations of these people, no one has power to give me up to them. I appeal to the emperor."

The die was cast; all the machinations of enemies were thwarted; to Rome Paul must now go, convoyed over the safest route by all the power of Caesar. What a strange way to fulfill his eager expectation to meet the Christians at Rome! Some persons, with more of the protoplasm in their composition than is proper for man in this stage of his development, cannot understand why men should be stood up for their rights. Their conception of rights of things to be surrendered. They seem to believe that the plea of Christians is under foot. Paul knew better. He saw clearly that there are times when to stand for rights is to stand for God. Truth and justice must be defended at every cost; man is man in godliest guise when he is championing truth in the face of leagued wrong.

Truth's utter sacredness is an old, old note that needs to be sounded again and again. There is a timidity about organized and vested religious interests that, forgetting Jesus and Paul, and all their noble train, inclines to make compromise with expediency "for the sake of the work." All the good work in the world is not so important as the utter freedom of truth. It is better that all endowments be forfeited, all religious organizations disintergrate and all ecclesiastical structures crumble into dust than that chains or muzzles should be put upon truth. A poet of today, Edward S. Martin, ringingly says:

"I pray Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow truth and Thee,
Or choose, instead to win, as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

"Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought field,
Forspent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

"Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

"Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits Thy will; where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow."

A Trial as a Function.

Court rooms crowded with men and women, representatives of wealth and leisure, are no new spectacle. When King Herod Agrippa II. came to congratulate the new governor of Judea a fresh trial of Paul was held for his interest. The occasion was resplendent with social lustre. In the center of the sumptuous court room—the very one in which his rotten father had fallen dead while being acclaimed a god—the incestuous Agrippa and beautiful, dissolute sister-wife were seated upon royal thrones. Gleaming cohorts of Roman soldiers in full dress uniform lined the walls. The nobility of the whole region, both Roman and Jewish, crowded the magnificent hall, eager to be seen as courtiers and to see for themselves the fascinating, infamous Bernice and her husband (renegade Jews both), and the famous prisoner, Paul, once a member of the Sanhedrin, now the chief apostle of the Christian Way. It was a sumptuous setting for Paul's sermon; and he was glad to preach the gospel to any company of people, though he had seldom confronted more sodden sin than at this most elaborate judicial-social function.

"There stands Massachusetts!" cried Daniel Webster, on a memorable occasion when called upon to defend his state. "There stands my life!" cried Paul, in his defense. He was in the happy condition of a man who can appeal to his past in justification for his present. He needed no other argument than his own life story, and that he told with an eloquence that held his hearers enrapt. He made it very plain, especially to Agrippa, the Jew, that it was not for any personal misdemeanor he was on trial, but for a great hope, for the ideal of a patriot and of a prophet.

A Vision and Its Servant.

There is a clinging charm and a rare majesty which have made them a familiar quotation in literature, about the words "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Paul had related how he had been arrested in the mad midcareer of his persecutions of the Christians by the appearance of Jesus. He, the scholar, the logician, the aristocratic Pharisee, had been converted by a vision. It is the vision of Jesus that smites men's pride and constrains them to discipleship. The world and the church today need supremely the vision of the crucified, risen Redeemer.

That vision made Paul its servant. It sent him forth a restless wanderer upon the face of the earth, caring naught for the ends to which men commonly devote their powers, but to seeking ever, day and night, by all means, to win men to the Vision. Braving truth's tempests, he went forth to obey that voice, the knightliest servant of man and God that has ever followed in the footsteps of the Hero. To high and low, rich and poor, Jew and barbarian, king and mob, he proclaimed, in season and out of season, his message of a crucified, risen Christ.

A Royal Interruption.

Eager to ingratiate himself further into the favor of his royal guests, Festus, who had been restless and embarrassed by the manner in which his prisoner was preaching to this select congregation, brought the proceedings to a sudden end by rising up and crying out in a loud voice: "Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee to madness!" What a sensation! How the crowd must have been startled, and how the incident set tongues to wagging that day, in the luxurious Roman baths and about the banqueting tables. Had he been Paul's assistant, Festus could not have more adroitly focused attention upon the preacher's point.

Such a ready debater as Paul could make the most of an interruption. He adroitly turned the incident into a direct decision from Agrippa, putting the latter face to face with his personal responsibility. A sermon that is a message cannot easily be spoiled.

Right here comes Agrippa's answer, which calls for the loyalty to truth on the part of students that is indicated earlier in the lesson. Agrippa did not say, as the old version records: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Cynically and supercilliously and egotistically he rejoined: "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian"—as if it were preposterous to contemplate the idea of the great Agrippa being a subject for preacher's argument.

In a dash came the retort, the noblest utterance of the day. "I would to God that, whether with little or much, not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds." He knew himself as the truly honorable, even though he was but a prisoner en route to Rome.

A Chance to Make Money

You can get a Homestead in Mexico free, and do not have to live on it. We have secured and have absolute title to a magnificent tract of land in the Rio Tonto Valley, Mexico. This land is easily accessible, is very rich, and is especially adapted to the growing of bananas. All that is required of you is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, plant out the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 or more a month, and in three years after your trees are planted they will bring you a profit of from $200 to $500 a month. We are starting a community and want you to let us send you our Booklet telling all about it, and showing how you may participate in these profits and secure a permanent income. We invite you to visit the plantation and make complete investigation of our Company and the proposition we make, and satisfy yourself that we offer you a square deal. Write at once for full particulars. THE JANTHA PLANTATION CO., Block 411, Pittsburg, Pa.

Georgia Pine Doomed.

National Magazine.

That the greater part of Georgia's pine is irretrievably doomed is incontrovertible. But it is a doom that has been made necessary by the demand of industry, and is to be regretted only from a point of sentimentality. Reforestation for the most part is out of the question and even if practical would be unwise.

In the first place the Georgia long leafed pine has the unhappy faculty of seldom reproducing itself true to the parent tree, the second growth pine being smaller, sappier, knottier, and in every way an inferior tree; in the second place lands of Georgia have far greater future as farms than for forests. It must be remembered, too, that the great west has practically no timber and yet its lands are vastly more valuable than the timber lands of the Pacific coast.

Philology in a Forest.

London Globe.

Archbishop Trench tells us that the Somersetshire laborer goes through life with a vocabulary of about 300 words, and according to a Paris journal, Professor Garner, whose studies of the language of apes are well known, has collected 90 words of the tongue of the monkeys in the Congo; so it is probable, if the professor lives long enough, we shall find that the simian language is as varied as that of the Somerset laborer. The professor gives examples: "Khi-lu" means "take care," "a-on-u" is "mother," "huhu" "this way," and "chuh" "what." The professor also notes that in different parts of the dialects of the monkeys differ. Such is the rsult of his philological studies in the forest of Nkami.

G. A. R. in Foreign Lands.

St. John (N. B.) Globe.

The first Grand Army post in Europe has lately been organized at Oldham, in Lancashire, England, where 20 former union soldiers reside. Although it is the first European post it is not the first outside the limits of the United States, as there are already four in Canada, one in Peru and one in Hololulu. There are, according to the United States pension commissioner, about 5,000 pensioners residing in foreign countries.

BULLFROG FARMING

How the Industry Is Carried On in Florida These Days.

Honorable Pete Allen, Tampa and Hillsborough county's one and only original farmer of bullfrogs and grower of that edible commodity, frogs' legs, will please take note that a rival has entered his hitherto undisputed field of commercial endeavor. The following is taken from the Pensacola News:

A well-known gentleman of this city has recently received pamphlets from the department of agriculture on the raising of the large food bullfrog. It is the purpose of the gentleman to shortly start the culture of the frog on quite an extensive plan. It is also the intention of the gentleman to get a large collection of the best bullfrogs he can find and put them in a large marsh that is located near his place in Santa Rosa county, fencing the marsh in in such a manner that snakes cannot get into it. It is thought by the gentleman that he can thus raise a large number of healthy bullfrogs for the market and make a good profit out of the business.

The gentleman had the following to say regarding the raising of frogs to an Evening News man:

"I have been living in Escambia and Santa Rosa counties for the last 10 years, and have noticed the plentitude of bullfrogs that are in the fresh water bodies in both counties. The frogs grow to monstrous size and seem to thrive in this section of the country. I think that a large and better grade of frogs can be raised with proper care, and I think that the raising of the frog will make a comfortable living for the man who engages in the business. I shall attempt to raise frogs this summer.

"I wrote to the department of agriculture some months ago inquiring as to the method of raising the frog, and have received a pamphlet giving me full directions as to the best methods of raising frogs in this part of the country. The government publishes a circular with the pamphlet, saying that there is unlimited opportunity for the culture of the frog in this section of the country. I understand from the circular that government experts came to the two counties a few years ago and made a thorough examination of the best manner of raising the frog.

"My intention is to fence in the marsh that is on my place and start a frog farm in it. I shall get all the snakes out of the place and keep it as clean as possible, so that the frogs will be healthy at all times. I shall have the inclosure large enough to accommodate a large number of the croakers.

"I believe that there is an ample market for them in Pensacola, as all of the restaurants and hotels buy them whenever they can. The reasons for the great scarcity of frogs in the city at the present time is not that they are scarce, but that they are rather difficult to catch.

"I am a firm believer in the work and shall set out with an eye to succeed. If I do succeed in establishing a new industry for Pensacola and the surrounding country I hope the people of the county will take the matter up and see what they can do with it. It seems to me that all a man has to have is a mud puddle in his back yard and put some frogs in it, put a fence around it and feed the frogs. The climate is natural to them and they will thrive in spite of all efforts to exterminate them. If they are given a little attention a large high-grade frog can be raised."—Tampa Times.

CONVICTED BY THERMOMETER

How the Assailants of a Scotch Physician Were Tracked.

Glasgow Medical Journal.

In connection with the death of Dr. Whitelaw, of Kirkintilloch, an interesting story is told of his early career. Being called up one night he was walking along with the messenger when he was set upon and knocked down in a lonely part of the road.

His pockets were rifled and he was left lying on the road severely injured. One of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had that evening taken the temperature of a patient. He remembered the temperature taken, also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer back in his pocket; and he communicated these facts to the police.

Some time after a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop in Glasgow and by this means the police were enabled to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them.

Cactus in Michigan.

Evening Wisconsin.

Located in the northern portion of Blue Lake township, covering an area of several acres, and preventing to a great extent the successful farming of the land in that vicinity, is an immense area of cactus of the prickly pear variety. Naturally growing only in the warmer portions of America, the spread of the big patch in the extreme northern part of Muskegon county has been the cause of no little comment and the stories of its origin are numerous.

Nearly half a century ago C. F. Wheeler, connected with the agricultural department at that time, going over Muskegon county, happened upon this strange cactus patch. He pronounced the plant a native of Arizona and was able to explain its presence in Michigan only on the theory that some Indian tribe, either migrating here willingly or driven northward rather than become enslaved to some more powerful tribe, had brought the plant with them.

Legends of how the cactus was brought to this country are still told by the residents of Blue Lake, who have heard from time immemorial the stories of its origin from the lips of aged Indians, who 50 years ago were numerous in the county. The Indians used to claim that the cactus was brought from Arizona here by the band of Zuni Indians, who, conquered by another of the minor tribes, were forced to accept exile or slavery. The date of this coming to Michigan was placed by these Indians at

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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Can those Eskimo boys qualify as expert witnesses?

Being a reformer in Spain isn't a healthful exercise.

President Taft seems very much pleased with his country.

What's in a name? The best pumpkin pies are made of squash.

Mr. Crane speaks seven languages. But he was dismissed in plain English.

Many a man seems satisfied if he can prove his innocence on a technicality.

Mr. Harriman's was a rare case. He was richer than generally supposed.

It is unkind to call the one who invented these autumnal summers an Indian.

Much as he likes to talk, Mr. Bryan refuses to hold a joint debate with Senator Bailey.

President Taft didn't count more than a hundred before accepting Mr. Crane's resignation.

Cook is also ahead of Peary in the matter of discovering the lecture platform receipts.

The truth is coming out at last. It is now declared that all of Abdul Hamid's wives were fat.

Alaska wants a legislature. And if she ever gets one she'll probably wish she hadn't.

Admiral Dewey says the American navy is not a bluff. Guess Spain will second the motion.

Minister Crane is now in a position to give a lecture on "The Dangers of Talking Too Much."

Uncle Sam owes more than two billion dollars, and yet he can borrow more if he wants it.

Ruth Bryan Leavitt is the daughter of her distinguished father. She's going to run for office.

What a lot of happiness there will be in the world when every woman marries her ideal man.

Dr. Eliot declares there is no hell but he doesn't say what is to be done with the campaign liar.

Tibet women can have as many husbands as they want. There are no suffragettes in that country.

Mr. Crane's successor will, doubtless, refuse to discuss anything but the weather with reporters.

The man who knows it all will tell it if he can get somebody to listen to him for five or ten minutes.

The rich man who is sent to jail doesn't get any consolation out of the thought that he can afford it.

A South Carolina physician died with the request that his death be kept a secret. Was he ashamed of it?

Wilbur Wright says the 60-miles-an-hour aeroplane is practically here And there are no telephone poles ahead.

It takes a wife to discover a man's weaknesses. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has advised her husband to quit talking.

Annie Besant says she lived centuries ago. That was long before women acquired the habit of doing most of the talking.

When you see thirteen passengers sailing away in an airship on Friday, make up your mind that the end of superstition is near.

Annie Besant says everybody will be wealthy 2,000 years from now. Perhaps. But one can't borrow money on Annie's optimism.

What can be the matter with the corn husking machines this year? They do not seem to be eating as many fingers as formerly.

A Connecticut mother spanked her daughter and the young man with whom she eloped. That is one way of spoiling a beautiful romance.

A Missouri man who has reached the age of 90 says a steady diet of pie did it. What a splendid tribute to the woman who made the pies!

A trip through the country these beautiful autumn days reveals many signs of activity in the little red school houses, nearly all of which are white

President Diaz purchased a new suit of clothes for the Taft reception. Such thoughtfulness shows the Mexican's friendship for the United States.

Queen Wilhelmina's baby cut a tooth the other day, but there was so much other news in the world that the historical event didn't create any excitement.

Sultan of Morocco has had El Roghi, pretender, partly eaten by lions and the remains soaked in oil and burned. The operation is reported to have been successful.

Senator Flint, of California, is going to retire from politics so that he can earn a competence for his family. What a strange thing for a United States senator to do.

The Eskimo boys seemed pretty bright when it came to pointing out localities on Mr. Peary's map, although there are no little red school houses in the frozen north.

IN MEXICO.

Under the firm hand of Diaz, Mexico has experienced a longer season of internal peace than in all her previous history, but recent news from the south indicates that the republic has not exactly enjoyed that peace. It is the stability which despotism gives, the quiet that police and soldiers and spies can make certain.

Slavery is said to exist in Yucatan openly and in other parts of the country, though more or less hidden. The keenest watch is kept upon politicians, the press is either subsidized to support the Diaz government or suppressed when it ventures to offer criticism, a feudal system which gives landowners almost the power of life and death over a peon population is fostered.

These conditions are reprehensible, but they do not directly concern us as a neighbor of the republic. Indirectly, they do so, very closely. The despotic policies touch and control Americans in the country. One must tread with care, must speak with caution or one runs the chance of landing in a noisesome Mexican jail. Only recently an Englishman, in conversation with a friend, spoke disrespectfully of the president. He was overheard by secret service men and immediately arrested. The trumped up charge is worked with as much smoothness as in Turkey. Americans who have offended the government have been compelled to defend themselves against accusations of robbing hotel keepers or of striking servants. The recent seizure of an American fishing boat was not upon the charge that it had been fishing within the three-mile limit, but upon the ridiculous one of piracy. The American consul proved this to be entirely false, but the vessel and crew are still held.

Autocracy goes to the head. The agent of a government of fear and force delights in exercising his arbitrary powers. Where the Mexican police and soldiery do this against the persons of Americans then there is excuse for interference.

HIGHER PRICES AND CONSEQUENCES

There appears to be no thorough understanding of the cause of the rising prices of commodities. It is the conventional thing to lay it at the doors of the trusts, but analysis of the market prices for the last 10 years shows that the greater increases have come in lines not controlled by trusts, or even by trade associations. Some economists declare that the climbing costs of living are brought about by the expansion of the gold supply, others charge them to the widening demand for luxuries, by speculation, by the tariff.

There is a good deal of experiment with prices, especially in the competitive fields. A merchant fixes a price. If his goods sell at the advance, then a rate is fixed which is all but impossible to break down. If the goods fail to go, the merchant loses nothing by quoting the old prices. Just before the tariff bill was signed, tailors in Chicago sent out word that because of increased custom rates they would have to charge more for clothes, yet no advance whatever was made in the wool schedules. Following the scheme through one can see new and higher prices radiating from Chicago as a center. If the tailor can get more for clothes, the manufacturer of cloth can ask more, other clothing rises in keeping, customers are given a hint to make up differences in costs by boosts in their individual lines—and so the ball rolls on along paths and into corners where it would be absolutely impossible to discover the connection with the Chicago tailors. The new price asked was only a shrewd feeler. If the public stood for it, it became established. So undoubtedly feelers are tried in all trades from tea to art goods, from hotel rates to freight charges.

The unhappiest consequence of the rise in prices falls upon the wage earner. He must ever be fighting to keep himself and his family upon a decent plane of living, he must ever seem to unthoughtful employers to be chronically discontented. It would be interesting—if such a thing were possible—to trace a price increase made by a manufacturer around the wide circle to where his workmen are compelled to demand a higher wage scale.

LABOR INSURGENT.

The opponents of organized labor may think they read some comfort in the fact that a split has occurred in the Ohio Federation of Labor They may prepare to seize such advantages as seemingly a divided house offers. They will be making a decided mistake if they do either. Through years of struggling and hammering and fighting, the unions have ground a set of principles, a set of views and aspirations, in the minds of the individual members which internecine strife cannot tear away.

Capitalists have formed organizations and discussed with perfect unanimity of opinion the difficulties of their enterprises, have agreed upon the rectification of abuses and decided upon prices. They think they have gone far, but they do not realize how much farther labor has gone. The trade unions have amalgamated the watch engraver and the coal digger, the teamster and the bookbinder, the iron moulder and the cigarmaker, made men of the extremest diversity of habit of life and thought behold wherein their common interest lies. If they dispute among themselves as to procedure and policy, allegiance to old groups of campaigners or secession to newer movements, they cling unaltered to the determination to gain for themselves and their people as great a share of the world's happiness as the pressure of their numbers can bring them.

The Ohio Federation of Labor was formed for the purpose of getting measures through the state legislature of benefit to labor. In a little pamphlet issued by the Federation, is set forth a "Declaration of Principles"—fifteen in number. With two exceptions all of these principles have to do with economic reforms which affect everyone, every citizen, millionaire or section-hand, bank officer or grading boss. The list of desires, we may say, is in refreshing contrast to those selfish and private measures to further which the general run of lobbyists is employed.

Statesmanship is at ebb in this country. We keep looking to the open for the new star, the new leader, holding to that ancient convention that the strongest spring from the soil. If any one will watch such a labor convention as that which has been in session in Toledo he will be inclined to believe the source of the next great band of statesmen is the shop and the bench. Legislative assemblies have no advantages in speech-making abilities over these men, no greater power for virile language and convincing sincerity.

The secession movement hints at a struggle for national control between the old group, of which Samuel Gompers is the head, and a younger division, flying other gonfalons. Such an eclipse as the Knights of Labor experienced may be beheld again. But there is no hope to be seen in the upheaval for those who—to this far day from their proper period—still deny that labor has the right to organize.

PITTSBURG'S CURSE TO GO.

Pittsburg, the spotless town! Like the camel that tried to eat the traveler's manuscript, one could not be blamed if one choked on the statement.

Still, the ever-respected word of the United States geological survey is behind the declaration that Pittsburg can rid itself of its gloom and grime and swirling soot. A government experiment station in Pittsburg has been burning coal considered refuse by the trade and costing less than $1 a ton. It has operated without the production of smoke, employing mechanical stokers—and the most commen-sense way that can be found in firing.

"In 50 per cent of the industrial plants of the United States," the survey reports, "more than 10 per cent of the coal bill can be saved each year by the smokeless burning of coal, and 5 per cent in the other plants."

The excuse—if there is an excuse—for the disregard on the part of the industrial captains in the Pittsburg district for human life and welfare, is their absorption in the task of saving costs in production, in applying new discoveries and experimenting with new inventions in process. Their minds have been concentrated upon dividend-making. They have closed their eyes, their hearts, to the misery of the slums backed up against their mills and factories.

If the government can convince the steel makers that fuel can actually be used with more economy there will be no hesitancy in introducing improved machinery. So, without altering in the least their attitude of insensibility to the health and happiness of the workmen, the captains could be counted upon to render life bearable, less a curse and horror. The science of geology has its humanitarian side, it seems.

TERMINAL CHARGES ATTACKED.

A suit over terminal charges, now in the United States supreme court, is of the utmost importance to shippers. It involves the right of the railroads in Chicago to fix a rate in excess of $1 for the delivery of live stock.

The points raised by the government go beyond the action taken by the interstate commission in ordering a rate of $1 to supplement one of $2 in practice. They question the right of the railroads to make any terminal charges whatever. The railroads have gone upon the principle that shipment to a city calls for delivery to whatever point it is convenient for the companies. The contention of Wade Ellis, assistant attorney general, is that it is the duty of the railroads to make deliveries to the point of greatest convenience to the shipper. There has been an immense amount of abuse in terminal charges. It may be that the entire system may be pronounced illegal.

WANTED SYMPATHY.

Pity is now extended extravagantly to Charles W. Morse, trust promoter, wild financier and bank wrecker, from quarters which a few months ago could not condemn him enough. Justice was scored because it allowed him to go out upon bail; it is scored now because it has affirmed the first verdict of guilty.

The sympathy for Morse is based upon the fact that he has succeeded in making some astonishingly large payments toward the discharge of enormous debts. It is a tribute to his genius, this sympathy, an example of that national trait which is ever ready to forgive a wrong done if one tries to square it with a virtue. But Morse deserves all the punishment meted out to him. He has broken the laws and a defense that others have done so also—as he declares—in no way makes his crime the smaller. Having a Wall street set of opinions, he declares he has been made a victim by Roosevelt's pandering to sensationalism. As if the former President made the law and selected certain ones for prosecution while ignoring the offenses of others! It is a fine thing that Morse is paying his debts instead of going into bankruptcy, whether he has done so because he thinks it will save him from the penitentiary or not. But the courts cannot free a highwayman because he drops part of his loot into the poor-box; no more can they let a bank wrecker go who devotes his time between trials to altogether commendable duties.

A PROFITABLE INDISCRETION.

The usefulness of Charles R. Crane, the newly appointed minister to China, ceased with the moment he began to show off his knowledge of the delicate affairs of diplomacy. Furthermore, he went beyond the facts, since he explained a policy of the government which had not yet become a policy.

Yet many hundreds of Americans will be glad that the President gave the position to a man who has proved unworthy because of his indiscretion. For America assumed a good deal when she undertook to keep all the doors in China open. She will be taking on a good deal more if she attempts to compel the annulment of a treaty which Japan forced upon China. There are commercial reasons why it is advantageous to keep the Manchurian ports open, but if we want a foreign market there is a continent to the south of us all but neglected, our ward under the Monroe Doctrine, friendly and free of embarrassments with a powerful rival.

MORE INDIANS.

An enrollment of the Indians within the borders of the United States shows that their numbers have increased 40,000 in twenty years. The protection given them, the gradual rescue of the red men from the evils of idleness, the teachings of sanitation and of the benefits of modern medicine, are, in the opinion of the government, responsible for the increase.

The popular belief is that the Indians are dying out. War, whisky, the rapacity of land speculators and the constantly narrowing territory within the reservations, it was thought, spelled their early extinction. But, as a matter of truth, there was never a large population of Indians in this country. The tribes were small and the villages were far distant from one another. There were too many savages in Ohio, the first settlers thought, but the wagons of the emigrants often passed through the wilderness for days and days and no sign was beheld of their presence. It seems a fearful thing that the New Englanders should have exterminated an entire tribe in a single war, but the tribe had probably less than a thousand members. The Iroquois carried on campaigns which took their war parties hundreds of miles from home. They had never returned had they met with enemies in any force. Seminoles in the Everglades of Florida are dying out and many pathetic articles have been written about them, but probably if they did not have to live under conditions of hardship they would multiply as their kinsmen are multiplying in the west.

A CRITICISM MISUNDERSTOOD.

Admiral Dewey leaps to the defense of the navy. The service is all right, he says, whether or not, in case of war, the necessary auxiliaries are available. Confessing that there is need of more colliers and transports, he continues:

But one can do most anything with money, and if we were to have a war we could purchase as many ships as we might need. We did so in the Spanish war.

The admiral was on the other side of the globe, gathering glory, when the navy department and the war department joined their forces to meet the enemy. Had he been upon the American coast, he would not be so ready to recall how the government "purchased as many ships as it might need." The feverish haste of the bureaucrats in buying yachts and other steamers, particularly in acquiring that ferryboat at Boston, was offset by the cool-headedness of our millionaires in offering vessels at seven prices. The country beheld these things, if Admiral Dewey did not, and would not particularly enjoy having the shameful confusion of Washington and the greediness of the "patriots" retold.

But the attack which raised the anger of Admiral Dewey was not directed at the navy itself, but was a sounding of alarm bells, at the low state into which the merchant marine, the natural and necessary supplement of any navy, had fallen. Before buying vessels the government would have to find the vessels. The moment hostilities broke out every nation not concerned would proclaim its neutrality, and as it would be impossible to obtain auxiliaries abroad, we would be put again in that ridiculous position of looking to yacht owners for relief.

SLUMS AND THEIR LESSON.

Between 25 and 30 per cent of the children of New York's east side are affected with tuberculosis. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor found, in one series of examinations that 205 children of 781 examined bore traces of consumption.

These showings are made only slightly less alarming by the statement that many children will succeed in throwing off the disease, by the oft-cited fact that in the lungs of nearly every adult may be found scars made by the bacilli of tuberculosis. For the children of the tenement districts live under conditions that sap the natural strength of the growing human creature, conditions which fail to give them the power to cast off disease.

The lesson of the tenement quarters of New York and Chicago has all but been wasted upon the rest of the country. Though other cities have none so bad, they are acquiring them rapidly. The municipal governments are making no provision to guard against slums, giving only the slightest thought to raising barriers against hotbeds of disease and breeding places of death.

TOO MANY LAWS?

The legislature which is to meet at Columbus in January must devote a great part of the session to the report of the codifying commission, a tedious task and one calling for the closest scrutiny of every clause and phrase and word. The revision was made necessary by a confusion of laws, many of them being in direct contradiction of one another, others vaguely worded and reduced to a maze from which it is all but impossible to dig out the original intent and purpose.

The natural tendency is to criticize the legislatures. There are too many laws, one says, too much enthusiasm in introducing bills, too much bullheadedness to let them go into the waste heap when found unnecessary or inadequate. There is truth in these views, but only a part truth. For to argue that we have laws enough is to argue the world stands still, that things never change, humanity does not advance. The need of today looms always as a very vital need, but once it becomes "one with yesterday," it is lost to all except tolerant memory. Laws, like food or clothing, are daily requirements, demanding variety with the season.

There are too many laws, no doubt, but mostly for those who violate them. As Walt Mason says of them, "The man who acts upon the square has nothing much to fear."

DRAIN THE SWAMPS.

The reclamation of the arid lands of the west has troubled a number of cautious souls. If the government reclaims the desert, what shall stand in the way, they ask, of those who demand that public money be used to drain the swamps and marshes?

We hope that nothing will stand in the way. When the time comes for congress to pass on the measure it will be to the credit of every member to give his vote in support of it, just as the advocacy of the irrigation bill was an index to statesmanship. The reclamation of the arid wastes will cost Uncle Sam not a single cent in the end. The sales of land and water to settlers will pay for every project. The money is now flowing out of the national coffers, but it will not be long before the receipts for the irrigation fund will be greater than the drain.

In exactly the same way the government can undertake the task of recovering swamp land. The ultimate costs can be put upon those who are to occupy the ground. Big crops are raised upon irrigated fields, but they are nothing in comparison with the yields of soil which once lay under water and through ages of growth and decay of vegetable matter acquired richness and depth. Across the old maps of northwestern Ohio there was sprawled the words "Black Swamp." That district now is one of the wealthiest, most productive in all the United States.

The objection raised by the carpers is one that should have hearty approval as a commendable measure.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Nearly 1,000,000 persons in England and Wales are dependent today upon charity. The army of the unemployed has increased more than 3 per cent within a year. One person in every 37 in England and Wales is cared for either by public or private almsgiving. In London the ratio is one in every 32. The London Standard asks:

What do these things mean? They mean that, economically speaking, the nation has for years been living on its capital and that it is steering straight upon disaster. Regarded politically, these facts denote a very remarkable failure of the government to insure or to maintain the national welfare and prosperity. In what does that failure consist? Broadly speaking, it consists in leaving the labor of the country totally unprotected against the competition, tariff-armed, of every other great manufacturing country. Mr. Chamberlain devoted the last strenuous years of his political life to telling his countrymen the truth, and they refused to believe him. They preferred to believe the casuistries of intriguing politicians and the arid sophistries of political economists before the evidence of their senses. What is the cause of pauperism? Unemployment. And what is the cause of unemployment? Free Trade, first and last and all the time.

The revision of the tariff in America was necessary. The schedules could have been cut lower and still the manufacturer and the worker have obtained their just due of protection. But a good deal of the talk that has followed the passage of the Payne bill has been little else than the bluff and bluster of free traders. The difference between a reasonable adjustment of rates and no tariff whatever, is, as the case of Great Britain shows, the difference between good wages with commodities at decent prices and work in plentifulness and pauperism.

A FEW MORE BRUSH STROKES.

That omniscient minded journal, Collier's, having decided that Mr. Taft can no longer fit into its scheme of things, has undertaken to find a successor. "The Democrats," says Collier's, "ought to have a chance to win the next election if they for once show wisdom in the candidate and platform."

An excellent prelude for the chairman of the meeting. "Suppose," continues the national weekly, "they selected, not a politician, but a man who was known for disinterestedness of life, business success, knowledge of important questions and lifelong study of the tariff, with bold and distinct views about it—such a man, in short, as the present minister to China."

When the eulogy was written Mr. Crane was still minister. Much more is known of that ideal of Collier's now than a week ago. So one may add a few touches to the candidate, not-a-politician, as "one who is garrulous and boastful, not lacking the nerve to deny his words or the voice to squeal when caught under the fence."

IMMIGRATION REFORM.

The immigration laws of the United States raise the bars against those who "are mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability to earn a living." It is the duty of the immigrant officials to judge whether applicants for admission are eligible under this weakly-written law or not. As a matter of fact no one is really competent to decide if the average foreigner is likely to be unable to earn a living in this country, if he is not as likely as not to become a charge upon the community.

The immigration laws of Canada are not much stricter than those of the United States, but they are so worded as to permit of a less flexible construction. While America turned back about 1 1-3 per cent of the immigrants who knocked at our gates last year, it is estimated that 25 per cent would have been refused admission by Canada. The neighbor to the north lets it be known that there is little hope of gaining a livelihood for those who are unskilled. She also seeks the agricultural class and has drawn 60,000 from the United States alone in the last fiscal year. These are the people we would keep ourselves, a most desirable class. The loss has certainly not been offset by the entrance of a much larger number of persons from southern Europe.

The immigration laws should be made much more strict at the next session of congress, particularly in those sections which define the difference between the desirable and the undesirable. Furthermore, there should be some regulation introduced specifically refusing admittance to those who come at a time of industrial depression, when every job is needed by American workmen.

FREE SHOWS.

One thing, if nothing else, should give us pause when we find fault with the characteristics and customs of other nations. This is that the foreigners always generously respond when America asks the loan of military to help out a show.

The most picturesque part of the parade at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York was, the visitors say, the sailors and marines from the warships sent to our coast at the earnest solicitation of Manhattan. Within a few weeks a similar celebration is to be held in San Francisco to honor the first voyager who passed the Golden Gate. Japan, Germany and Egnland are to send warships. And now comes the city of Washington with plans for a great pageant on July 4 next. Each of the 21 Central and South American republics is to be asked to dispatch troops, marines or sailors, together with their "best musical organizations," to march in a "great international parade."

Happy America! The country has but to ask and soldiery of various complexions come swinging through our streets. Battleships and cruisers anchor in the streams, their officers smiling blandly while hordes of souvenir hunters clamber about and criticise and filch. And when a fleet of our naval vessels goes steaming around the world repaying in some small measure for the spectacles furnished and the money spent upon food-stuffs and picture postal cards, we proceed—as a free and untrameled people—to raise a deafening howl about the outrageous cost of it.

"What," somebdy asks, "has become of the old party who, about this time of the year, used to light up the lantern, wink one eye and ask you to come down cellar with him?" Probably they have voted his cellar dry.

Mr. Bryan hopes that it will not be necessary for him to enter the next presidential election. And yet, probably, he can't help feeling the least bit pessimistic about the situation.

We ought to have another crop report from Secretary Wilson before Thanksgiving. Otherwise our hearts may not be full of the right spirit.

It is not known just what President Taft and President Diaz said to each other, but there is every reason to believe that Mr. Taft smiled.

King Alfonso may some day reach the conclusion that shooting rebels is far from being an interesting sport.

By the time he gets through lecturing, Dr. Cook will have enough money to prove that he reached the Pole.

GOATS AID FOREST SERVICE

Make Fire Breaks by Eating Brush Along the Trails.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The experiment of the forest service in using Angora goats in constructing fire breaks through the chapparal in the Lassen national forest has met with such success that the government officials believe with careful handling the area grazed over by the animals can be entirely denuded of its present growth of brush.

Two bands of goats were sent into the experimental area early in July. One was composed of ewes and lambs, but owing to defective andling, not as much was accomplished by them as by the other band, which was more ably handled.

The goats took to their new duties with a relish, and the way they devoured the brush along the trails that had been constructed for them was a striking demonstration that their task met with their approval.

Another valuable disclosure of the experiment is the proponsity of the animals to nibble at the bark of the manzanita trees, the destruction of which results in the death of the tree. The experiment of the forest service will be fully carried out, and it is expected that the thinning out of the heavy brush growth and the distruction of the crooked manzanita will result in the safeguarding of the Lassen national forest from destructive fires.

Roman Camp in Wales.

London Standard.

In connection with the excavation of the great Roman camp at Caersus, Montgomeryshire, Prof. Bosanquet, who is in charge of the exploring party, has succeeded in opening up the western portion of the camp, unearthing a complete hot-air system situated beneath the floors of the rooms. The floors were supported on a number of stone pillars two feet square and two feet high. Flues were laid beneath to carry the hot air from the furnace, and these have been found in an excellent state of preservation. Outside the huge rampart of clay the workmen have come across trenches which surrounded the camp. The granary has been opened up for its whole length and measures 98½ feet. This building was strongly built and was roofed with slabs of stone.

Family Heirlooms at Maine Fairs.

Kennebec Journal.

The Maine town fairs are great places to see family heirloom which have been handed down from generation to generation without suffering wear or change.

Among the curious old pieces shown at Green fair were a blue spread 150 years old, done by an ancestor of Mrs. Mehitable Glover, a towel woven by one of Burgoyne's soldiers while a captive in the revolution, a curious pitch-pipe of wood used by Solomon Jackson while chorister in a Winthrop church in 1800, and old iron dishes shown by Mrs. Ann L. Pogg. Then there were Mrs. Fred B. Parker's "pumpkin hood," old-fashioned straw bonnet, and home-woven articles, and much pewter were belonging to Aunt Polly Sawyer.

A bedspread, 125 years old, made by Mrs. Dorcas Dearborn, was shown by Augusta Daggett, who also had a hand-carved hatchel for combing flax.

Supernormal Knowledge.

Prof. Wm. Jones in American Magazine.

One thing for which I wish to go on record is the presence, in the midst of all humbug, of really supernormal knowledge. By this I mean knowledge that cannot be traced to the ordinary sources of information—the senses; namely, of the automatist. In really strong mediums this knowledge seems to be abundant, though it is usually spotty, capricious and unconnected. Out of my experience, such as it is (and it is limited enough), one fixed conclusion, dogmatically emerges, and that is this, that we with our lives are like islands in the sea or like trees in the forest. The maple and the pine may whisper to each other with their leaves, and Connaicut and Newport hear each other's foghorns. But the trees also commingle their roots in the darkness underground, and the islands also hang together through the ocean's bottom. Just so there is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother-sea or reservoir.

The Veteran Had Him.

Everybody's Magazine.

"Were you ever in prison?" demanded the prosecuting attorney insinuatingly.

"Yes, sir," admitted the gray-headed witness for the defence.

"Aha! I thought so. And what for, may I ask?"

"Assault with intent to kill."

"And how long were you in prison?"

"Until I escaped, sir."

The prosecutor turned triumphantly to the gentlemen of the jury.

"So, gentlemen," he said, "we have here, as the chief witness for the defence, an ex-convict and fugitive from justice, by his own confession!"

He turned again to the witness. "When and where were you in prison, sir?" he sneered.

The old man straightened up and spoke in a strong, clear voice:

"I was captured, sir, at the battle of Fort Harris on September 29, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond. I effected my escape while being transferred to Salisbury, N. C. As to"—

But that was already more than the prosecutor wanted to know.

A Steel Canal.

Youth's Companion.

In connection with the Nile irrigation system, at Wadi Kom-Ombo, a steel canal, 5,200 feet in length has been constructed to distribute water from the service reservoir to the earth canals. In sections, this metallic canal is semi-circular, 20 feet broad and 12 deep. It is made up of 17 sections, connected by expansion joints, and the riveted steel plates of which it consists are six millimeters in thickness. During the construction the engineers were troubled, among other things, by the unequal expansion of the metal. The expansion was greatest on the side where the sun happened to shine full upon the plates, and the inequality was often sufficient to displace the end of a section about to be joined as much as four inches to one side or the other.

The Curing of William Hicks.

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz;
Of that there never was a question.
Strong acids stopt those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan tillwew ere hoarse—
But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And lay six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, tho', knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go.
From liver ills he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
A masseuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his baseckbone of the twist
They used some braces. They were careless;
The padding for his head they missed;
This made him straight, and left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
They acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair,
But soaked in and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanitorium
They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
Then asthma—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctors said.
Bill Hicks cried: "No, you shall not lure me.
I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
And shoot the man that tries to cure me."

—Saturday Evening Post.

HIGHEST TOWN IN WORLD

London Spectator.

Cerro de Pasco is the highest town in the world. The remarkable broad-gauge railway by which it is reached passes over a higher altitude—about that of Mont Blanc—and there are mining camps and Indian villages at greater elevations. It is also true that there are higher railway stations, for on the Arequipa-Puno line the station of Crucero Alton attains the stupendous elevation of 14,660 feet; but at 14,200 feet above the sea level there is no other real town of 8,000 inhabitants, with a railway station, telegraph, telephones, churches, shops, clubs, hospitals and vice consuls. It is a wonderful example of American enterprise.

The section of the railway which runs from Oroya to this town belongs to the Cerro de Pasco Mining company, and is extremely comfortable, smooth running and fast, considering the gradients. It passes through fine grassy valleys grazed by countless herds of lamas, and the blue sky, the sparkling streams, the snow peaks combine with the green pastures to give a delightful variety of colors, which afford a striking contrast to the uniform brown hue of the barren Chilean Andes.

To get a fair view of Cerro de Pasco, it is necessary to go to the top of a high rock near the railway station. The town, with its little thatched houses and narrow streets, lies in a large undulating basin, in which the chief features are the tall chimneys and other buildings belonging to the mines. In the distance a large lake can be seen, and all around the horizon is studded with snow-capped heights.

At our feet is a busy scene. The useful Indian is everywhere—now driving herds of lamas, the universal mountain carrier, now riding mules or driving small carriages over the undulating roads—and all his business is a part of the great work of extracting copper and silver from the deep shafts. The rosy cheeks of the Indian children, whose healthy color shines through their brown skin, is an unusual sight in sallow South America, for the climate is healthy and invigorating. In the winter there is a great deal of rain and sleet, but the summer is bright and crisp and all the year round the temperature is equable, one of moderate cold, in which the thermometer seldom falls much below freezing point.

Everything at Cerro de Pasco is "run" by the Americans. There is a spacious club, where bowls are played nightly, and in the hollow below there is a baseball ground. Both these games are characteristically American, they are played at high pressure the whole time, the biggest match can be played in about one and a half hours, and the players are near enough to the spectators to hear the comments, encouraging or otherwise, that are liberally bestowed. The hospitality of the Americans is unbounded and the life is one of the utmost good feeling and good fellowship. The only drawback to the visitor's enjoyment is the soroche, or mountain sickness, which is almost certain to attack a newcomer unless he ascends by very gentle stages.

THE AMERICAN HORSE

Mystery Surrounding the Extinction of the Early Equines.

Over three centuries ago, at the time of the Spanish conquest, there was not to be found in the new world, so it has been practically proved, a single animal that answered to the description of the horse. Horses, indeed, which the Spaniards brought over with them, were objects at first of great terror to the natives, who took them to be four-legged supernatural beings come purposely to aid the conquerors. Yet recent research by the Whitney mission has established beyond doubt that long before Columbus the Americas were overrun by horses from the mountains of Alaska to the plains of Patagonia, says Harper's Weekly.

In 1826 the chance discovery in New Jersey of an equine fossil of an unknown kind led to more methodical investigation of America, with the result that prehistoric horse bones have been found in California and Oregon; between the Gulf of Mexico and the Carolinas; in Texas, Florida and the valleys of Mexico; in the basin of the Mississippi, and on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Horses, too, must have been numerous in this country previous to the appearance of man, researches having brought to light their fossilized remains mixed up with pottery and the stone arms of cave dwellers.

How is it, then, that the equine race, represented in America by kinds of fossils considerably more numerous than in Europe, came for a time to vanish from this country to reappear thousands of centuries later with the Spanish conquest. For but a century after Cortez there were already in existence herds of wild horses in the regions of the mata and the prairies of the far west.

By some thie temporary extinction of the American horse has been attributed to the increasing cold and the encroachments of the glacial hemisphere. It is certain that the elephant and camel disappeared at the same time. Another explanation is that the horses succumbed to a malady such as the "rinderpest" in South Africa. Again, what brought about this exodus may possibly have been a species of the present-day Columbian vampire bat, which sucks the life blood of its victims, and in the districts it infests prevents the horse being used as a beast of burden.

Wooden Bridges Wrecked.

Engineering News.

The Troy bridge over the Hudson river between Waterford and Lansingburg, near Troy, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on July 10. Leakage current from an electric wire is supposed to have started the fire. The fire progressed very fast from the start. The bridge was built in 1804 by the noted Theodore Burr. It had been strengthened a few years ago to carry trolley cars. It was roofed over, as is the case with many of the old timber highway bridges. A toll company owned the structure. The bridge comprised four spans of about 200 feet each. It was probably the oldest remaining timber truss bridge in the country.

A wooden railroad bridge over the Merrimac river at Nashua, N. H., burned on the night of June 26 and 27. This bridge was built in 1874. It consisted of three Howe espans about 150 feet each. It carried the track of the Portland division of the Boston & Maine railway, this portion being formerly the Nashua & Rochester.

A wooden highway bridge over the Des Moines river, near Pella, Iowa, was undermined and wrecked by high water in the last week of June. It was a covered structure, built about 1876.

Varieties

London has 3,500 taxicabs.

Germany has 3,000,000 trained soldiers.

The wasp can cut its way through seashell.

Seven out of ten recruits in Italy are illiterate.

Frozen flowers are now shipped long distances.

Two-thirds of Russia's population are peasants.

France recently launched the largest submarine.

The first stone of St. Petersburg was laid in 1703.

The first motor exhibition was held in England in 1895.

Wages are higher in England than in Germany or France.

Spain's congress of deputies consists of 406 unpaid members.

The torpedo leaves the gun at a speed of 40 knots an hour.

In 25 years the population of Japan has tripled itself.

Germany frowns on skyscrapers, fearing anything approaching them.

Great Britain owns more than one-half of the world's ocean shipping.

Steel ties are being placed in the tracks of the Pittsburg tracks.

Tien-Tsin has a medical college for women—the only one in China.

Buda-Pesth has a school where students are taught the art of cooking.

Each railroad tie treated by the Allen process takes up about three gallons of oil.

The London hansom seems to be on the decline. Other types of conveyance are taking its place.

The new municipal laboratory at Petersburg is to be named after the Russian biologist, Metchnikoff.

The portion of the city street which is subjected to the greatest wear is that immediately beside the car tracks.

There were 470 boiler explosions in this country during 1908, but one greater record. The fatalities numbered 281.

The Niagara Falls hydro-electric plants, during the year 1908, developed an equivalent of more than a million tons of coal.

In some of the public schools of Connecticut a course of agriculture has been introduced in some of the grades.

The first process of making paper from an extensive scale was discovered by Nicholas Leblanc, a French chemist, in 1791.

An average of 11 persons have been injured daily, and one person killed every other day for the last six months by the Chicago street cars.

Fully one-fourth of the $11,000,000 worth of gold produced in the world since the discovery of America has come from the mines of the United States.

Dr. Neff, the director of the department of health of Philadelphia, has started a movement to remove the adenoids in the school children of Quaker city.

Prince Edward of Wales, future king of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money a week, while in residence at Osborne and Dartmouth college.

Montaigne was astonished, when he visited Switzerland in 1580, to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are persons present."

"Play cards with a man for a week and you will know him better than you had met him in the drawing room every evening for a year," says a well-known man writer.

In using dogs as aids to sentries the Italian army, as a Roman precedent points out, has merely revived a custom prevalent among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Germany's top output for 1907 is estimated at $25,000,000, of which $5,000,000 was exported, and of that the United States and Great Britain took more than half.

According to an English contemporary for neurasthenia is to make patients stand up, with head erect and eyes closed, and whistle. A neurasthenic subject, it is said, cannot do this.

The mineral resources of Liberia are practically unknown. Prospectors think that part of Africa is a matter of extreme difficulty, owing to the density of the forests and the country is turfed with reeds.

The recent fire at Osaka, Japan, has given a great impetus to the lumber business. The losses amounted to $10,000,000, practically all of which has been settled and none of the companies failed."

Disabled teachers in Munich receive pensions of 75 per cent of their salary and a schoolmaster's wife who loses her husband gets three-fifths of his salary, with an allowance for every child under 20.

One of the leaders in New York business world, who is also a munificuous philanthropist, writes from his vacation resort where he went to escape "There is no rest in the country for a man who receives mail."

Austrian women cast their votes for the lot the other day. Single women and widows in the province of Venice, who possessed taxable property, conformity with the new election law, for members of parliament.

The government commission appointed in Italy to report on the question of woman suffrage has recommended that women engaged in industry have the right to vote for members of the chambers of commerce.

More than 450,000 immigrants have landed at Ellis island during the past six months, and each one who applied for it got a copy of the Scriptures in his own language from missionaries in the New York Bible society.

Two thousand years is the age ascertained age of the Gospel of Luke at the Suffolk village of Polstead, England. Under it the first Christian missionaries preached to the heathen Britons

Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

Costs You Nothing to Try the Same Treatment.

tlemen:
ity wife was down with Consumption when I ered a bottle of Alcsol (Lloyd). She was week from night sweats, cough and in a ticks condition. I noticed a change for the fter after ten days' treatment and from that e on up to three months when the cure was pleted. Alcsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle illus in the blood and tissue and it is the remedy so far discovered that will do this. is a preventative as well as a cure. It should ed by those who are run down or those fear the approach of Consumption. It can truthfully said that Alcsol (Lloyd) for the and prevention of Consumption is the most derful compound of the present age."
DR. W. H. KNIGHT, Swampscott, Mass.

his is only one of hundreds of similar letters m leading physicians and grateful patients we have received and have on file in our ce.

o sure are we that Alcsol (Lloyd) is a suc- ful treatment for Consumption and Chronic nchitis, and that you will feel its beneficial cts inside of fifteen days, that we will gladly a full month's treatment to any sufferer will send us their name and address.

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ald Q. Lloyd, the eminent scientist who dis- ered this wonderful preparation, was on ember 15, 1908, awarded a diploma of merit the London Society of Science, Letters and , in recognition of his valuable services to nkind in discovering Alcsol (Lloyd), the only wn successful treatment for consumption. society was established in 1881, for the rpose of meriting the one greatest achieve- nt of scientific discoveries each year, in country.

lcsol (Lloyd) is a perfectly palatable prepara- . You take absolutely no risk whatever, for csol (Lloyd) must be entirely satisfactory to before you pay us one cent. The burden the proof is entirely on us. What Alcsol (Lloyd) has done for others it should do for . Send your name and address today, state rest express office and we will send you a month's treatment for trial with full direc- s. Restorall Chemical Co., 600 Lloyd Bldg., Louis, Mo.

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CITY FALLS AT ATTACK

Greytown Is Captured by Army of Nicaraguan Insurgents.

Colon, Oct. 15.—A dispatch received here by wireless telegraphy from Bluefields, Nicaragua, says General Chamorro, a rebel leader, marched on Greytown and attacked and defeated the government troops, nine men being killed.

General Juan Estrada is reported to be marching on Cape Gracias, where 2,000 government troops have been concentrated to oppose him.

The revolution headed by General Zelaya has aroused the entire country and seems to be sweeping the republic. Everywhere the people are reported to be flocking to the armies of the revolutionists.

From the interior comes news that the revolutionists have seized Rivas and also that Corinto, the seaport on the Pacific, has declared for the revolution and has overthrown the government there.

Taken After First Volley.

News from Greytown is that there was some fighting there before the city was taken by the revolutionists. Colonel Uharte, at the head of a force of several hundred revolutionists, arrived at Greytown before the main body of the insurgents under General Chamorro Estrada. Colonel Uharte called upon the garrison to surrender, but was met with a volley. His men returned the fire and after a fight rushed the garrison and captured it, and then took opssession of the town with no further disturbance.

Upon the arrival at Greytown of the main body, under General Chamorro Estrada, the entire forces left for the interior to attack the fortified town of Castillo.

The dispatch states that the revolution appears to have been well planned and broken out simultaneously on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Corinto, the principal seaport on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua, is in the hands of the revolutionists.

Americans Are Jubilant.

There are conflicting reports regarding the origin of the trouble, the message states. One report is that it was due to a rumor that Zelaya intended to depose Estrada from his office in the army. Another version is that Zelaya secretly instigated the trouble, hoping thereby to be able to get out of the country and live peacefully abroad.

The Americans at Bluefields are reported to be jubilant over the turn of affairs. The United States cruiser Tacoma is here.

CUTS TOWN OFF FROM WORLD

Dentist Stops Cars, Motors, Lights and Other Things.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 15.—Dr. A. N. Stone an elderly and wealthy dentist, armed with a pair of rubber gloves and tinsmith's shears cut Elgin off from telegraphic communication with the outside world yesterday, and for an hour stopped street cars, motors, lights and everything else run by electric power in the city. Telegraph companies desired to string their lines over Dr. Stone's building, and asked permission to recet a pole on its roof. This was refused Dr. Stone went to Europe. On his return he saw a new pole on the top of his building and wires strung on it.

Policemen saw the dentist when he climbed the pole, and, thinking he was crazy, went up on the roof to get him. The pole was quivering beneath the weight of the doctor, however, and the policemen did not dare ascend it. The dentist hurled defiance at them while he finished his work. Descending he was about to cut down the pole also when the manager of the telegraph companies effected a temporary truce.

For Lame Back

An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment.

This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates —without rubbing— through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. JAMES C. LEE, of 1100 9th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back. I suffered terribly at times; from the small of my back all around my stomach was just as if I had been beaten with a club. I used every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much ladder work as any man in the shop, thanks to

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. J. P. EVANS, of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

Prices, 25c., 50c. and $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

CALLS IT A FORGERY

Arkansas Man Doesn't Believe Anti-Cook Statement Genuine.

Hartford, Ark., Oct. 15.—James A. Bolen, a coal mining operator, well known in the southwest, and who says he has hunted with the companions who made the Mount McKinley trip with Dr. Frederick A. Cook, is credited with declaring here today that he did not believe Edward Barrill had signed the Mount McKinley affidavit credited to him in the story sent out from New York yesterday.

SUES TO MAKE HUBBY UNDRESS

Mrs. Athanasopoulos Says He Sleeps in Clothes.

Chicago, Oct. 16.—Nicoletta Athanasopoulos filed suit in the superior court yesterday for divorce from John Athanasopoulos, alleging that her husband has never given her more than 15 cents a day for "pin money" and household expenses and that his rule has been to give her 5 cents a day.

She also says that he would remove only his coat upon retiring at night, retaining his shoes.

QUOTES THE TALE OF ESKIMO BOYS

Peary Gives Out Alleged Detailed Report of Cook's Guides.

New York, Oct. 13.—The following statement of Commander Robert E. Peary, which he submitted, together with the accompanying map, to the Peary Arctic club in support of his contention that Dr. Cook did not reach the North Pole, is now made public for the first time.

INTRODUCTION BY PEARY.

Some of my reasons for saying that Dr. Cook did not go to the North Pole will be understood by those who read the following statements of the two Eskimo boys who went with him, and who told me and others of my party where he did go. Several Eskimos who started with Dr. Cook from Anoratok in February, 1908, were at Etah when I arrived there in August, 1908. They told me that Dr. Cook had with him, after they left, two Eskimo boys or young men, two sledges and some twenty dogs. The boys were I-took-a-shoo and Ah-pe-lah. I had known them from their childhood. One was about 18 and the other about 19 years of age.

On my return from Cape Sheridan and at the very first settlement I touched (Nerke, near Cape Chalon) in August, 1909, and nine days before reaching Etah, the Eskimos told me, in a general way, where Dr. Cook had been. That he had wintered at Jones Sound and that he had told the white men at Etah that he had been a long way north, but that the boys who were with him, I-took-a-shoo and Ah-pe-lah, said that this was not so. The Eskimos laughed at Dr. Cook's story. On reaching Etah, I talked with the Eskimos there and with the two boys and asked them to describe Dr. Cook's journey to members of my party and myself. This they did in the manner stated below.

R. E. PEARY.

STATEMENT OF COMRADES.

The two Eskimo boys, I-took-a-shoo and Ah-pe-lah, who accompanied Dr. Cook while he was away from Anoratok in 1908 and 1909, were questioned separately and independently, and were corroborated by Panikpah, the father of one of them (I-took-a-shoo) who was perfectly familiar with the first third and last third of their journey, and who said that the route for the remaining third, as shown by them, was as described to him by his son after his return with Dr. Cook.

Notes of their statements were taken by several of us, and no one of us has any doubt that they told the truth.

Their testimony was unshaken by cross-examination, was corroborated by other men in the tribe, and was elicited neither by threats nor promises, the two boys and their father talking of their journey and their experiences the same way that they would talk of any hunting trip.

To go more into details: One of the boys was called in, and with a chart on the table before him was asked to show where he had gone with Dr. Cook. This he did, pointing out with his finger on the map, but not making any marks upon it.

As he went out the other boy came in and was asked to show where he had gone with Dr. Cook. This he did, also without making any marks and indicated the same route and the same details as did the first boy.

FATHER TAKES A HAND.

When he was through Panikpah, the father of I-took-a-shoo, a very intelligent man, who was in the party of Eskimos who came back from Dr. Cook from the northern end of Nansen's Strait, who is familiar as a hunter with the Jones Sound region, and has been in Commander Peary's various expeditions for some 15 years, came in and indicated the same localities and details as the two boys.

Then the first boy was brought in again, and with a pencil he traced on the map their route, members of our party writing upon the chart where, according to the boy's statement they had killed deer, bear, some of their dogs, seal, walrus and musk-oxen.

The second boy was then called in and the two went over the chart together, the second boy suggesting some changes as noted hereafter.

Finally, Panikpah, the father, was again called in to verify details of the route with which he was personally familiar.

The bulk of the boys' testimony was not taken by Commander Peary, nor in his presence, a fact which obviates any possible claim that they were awed by him.

Certain questions on independent lines from the direct narrative of the Eskimo boys were suggested by Commander Peary to some of us, and were put by us to the Eskimo boys.

Still later, Commander Peary asked the Eskimo boys two or three casual questions on minor points that had occurred to him.

During the taking of this testimony it developed that Dr. Cook had told these boys, as he told Whitney and Billy Pritchard, the cabin boy, that they must not tell Commander Peary, or any of us anything about their journey, and the boys stated that Dr. Cook had threatened them if they should tell anything.

STORY OF THE BOYS.

The narrativ of these Eskimos is as follows:

They, with Dr. Cook, Francke and nine other Eskimos, left Anoratok, crossed Smith's Sound to Cape Sabine, slept in Commander Peary's old house in Payer Harbor, then went through Rice Strait to Buchanan Bay. After a few marches Francke and three Eskimos returned to Anoratok.

Dr. Cook, with the other, then proceeded up Flagler Bay, a branch of Buchanan Bay, and crossed Ellesmere Land through the valley pass at the head of Flagler Bay, indicated by Commander Peary in 1898, and utilized by Severdrup in 1899, to the head of Severdrup's "Bay Fiord" on the west side of Ellesmere Land.

Their route then lay out through this fiord, thence north through Severdrup's "Heuerka Sound" and Nansen Strait.

On their way they killed musk-oxen and bear, and made caches, arriving eventually at a point on the west side of Nansen Strait (shore of Axel Heiberg Land of Severdrup), south of Cape Thomas Hubbard.

A cache was formed here and the four Eskimos did not go beyond this point. Two others, Koolootingwah and Inughito, went on one more march with Dr. Cook and the two boys, helped to build the snow igloo, and then returned without sleeping.

(These two Eskimos brought back a letter from Dr. Cook to Francke, dated the 17th of March. The two men rejoined the other four men who had been left behind and the six returned to Anoratok, arriving May 7th. This information was obtained, not from the two Eskimo boys, but from the six men who returned and from Francke himself, and was known to us in the summer of 1908, when the Roosevelt first arrived at Etah. The information is inserted here as supplementary to the narrative of the two boys.)

STOPPED AT ROUGH ICE.

After sleeping at the camp where the last two Eskimos turned back, Dr. Cook and the two boys went in a northerly or northwesterly direction with two sledges and 20 odd dogs, one more march, where they encountered rough ice and a lead of open water. They did not enter this rough ice nor cross the lead, but turned westward or southwestward a short distance and returned to Heiberg Land at a point west of where they had left the cache and where the four men had turned back.

Here they remained for four or five sleeps, and during that time I-took-a-shoo went back to the cashe and got his gun, which he had left there, and a few items of supplies.

When asked why only a few supplies were taken from the cashe, the boys replied that only a small abount of provisions had been used in the few days since they left the cache, and that their sledges still had all they could carry, so that they could not take more.

PEARY FRAMES QUESTIONS.

After being informed of the boys' narrative thus far, Commander Peary suggested a series of questions to be put to the boys in regard to this trip from the land out and back to it.

These questions and answers were as follows:

Did they cross many open leads or much open water during this time? Ans. None.

Did they make any caches out on the Ice? Ans. No.

Did they kill any bear or seal while out on the ice north of Cape Thomas Hubbard? Ans. No.

Did they kill or lose any of their dogs while out on the ice? Ans. No.

With how many sledges did they start. Ans. Two.

How many dogs did they have? And. Did not remember exactly, but something over twenty.

How many sledges did they have when they got back to land? Ans. Two.

Did they have any provisions left on their sledges when they came back to land? Ans. Yes; the sledges still had about all they could carry, so they were able to take buf a tew things from the cache.

GO TO CAPE NORTHWEST.

From here they then went southwest along the northwest coast of Heiberg Land to a point indicated on the map (Sverdrup's Cape Northwest).

From here they went west across the ice, which was level and covered with snow, offering good going, to a low island which they had seen from the shore of Heilberg Land at Cape Northwest. On this island they camped for one sleep.

The size and position of this island, as drawn by the first boy, was criticised by the second boy as being too large and too far to the west, the second boy calling the attention of the first to the fact that the position of the island was more nearly in line with the point where they had left Heiberg Land (Cape Northwest) and the channel between Amund Ringnes Land and Ellef Ringnes Land.

This criticism and correction was accepted by the first boy, who started to change the position of the island, but was stopped, as Commander Peary had given instructions that no changes or erasures were to be made in the route as drawn by the Eskimos on the chart.

From this island they could see two lands beyond (Severdrup's Ellef Ringnes and Amund Ringnes Lands.) From the island they journeyed toward the left hand one of these two lands (Amund Ringnes Land), passing a small island which they did not visit.

Arriving at the shore of Amund Ringnes Land, the Eskimos killed a deer as indicated on the chart.

CALL IT "IMPOSSIBLE."

The above portion of the statement of the Eskimo boys covers the period of time in which Dr. Cook claims to have gone to the pole and back, the entire time during which he could possibly have made any attempts to go to it.

The answers of the Eskimo boys to Commander Peary's series of independent questions, showing that they killed no game, made no caches, lost no dogs and returned to the land with loaded sledges, makes their attainment of the pole on the trip north of Cape Thomas Hubbard a physical and mathematical impossibility, as it would demand the subsistence of three men and over 20 dogs during a journey of 1,040 geographical miles on less than two sledge loads of supplies.

It is suggested that perhaps Dr. Cook got mixed and that he reached the pole, or thought he did, between the time of leaving the northwest coast of Heiberg Land at Cape Northwest, and his arrival at Ringnes Land, where they killed the deer, we must then add to the date of Dr. Cook's letter of March 17th, at or near Cape Thomas Hubbard, the subsequent four or five sleeps at that point and the number of days required to march from Cape Thomas Hubbard to Cape Northwest (a distance of some 60 nautical miles), which would advance his date of departure from the land to at least the 25th of March, and be prepared to accept the claim that Dr. Cook went from Cape Northwest (about latitude 80 1-2 degrees north) to the pole, a distance of 570 geographical miles, in 27 days.

ENCOUNTER OPEN WATER.

After killing the deer they then traveled south along the east side of Ringnes Land to the point indicated on the chart, where they killed another deer.

They then went east across the south part of Crown Prince Gustav Sea to the south end of Heiberg Land, then down through Norwegian Bay, where they secured some bears, but not until after they had killed some of their dogs, to the east side of Graham Island; then eastward to the little bay marked "Eid's Fiord" on Sverdrup's chart; then southwest to Hell's Gate and Simmon's Peninsula.

Here for the first time during the entire journey, except as already noted off Cape Thomas H. Hubbard, they encountered open water. On this point the boys were clear, emphatic and unshakable. They spent a good deal of time in this region, and finally abandoned their dogs and one sledge, took to their boat, crossed Hell's Gate to North Kent, up into north coast of Colin Archer Peninsula to Cape Vera, where they obtained fresh eider duck eggs. Here they cut the remaining sledge off, that is, shortened it, as it was awkward to transport with the boat, and near here they killed a walrus.

EGGS FIX THE DATE.

The statement in regard to the fresh eider duck eggs permits the approximate determination of the date at this time as about the first of July. (This statement also serves, if indeed anything more than the inherent straightforwardness and detail of their narrative were needed, to substantiate the accuracy and truthfulness of the boys' statement. This locality of Cape Vera is mentioned in Sverdrup's narrative as the place where during his stay in that region he obtained eider duck eggs.)

From Cape Vera they went on down into the southwest angle of Jones Sound, where they killed a seal; thence east along the south coast of the sound, killing three bears at the point noted on the map, to the peninsula known as Cape Sparbo on the map, about midway on the south side of Jones Sound. Here they killed some musk-oxen, and continuing east, killed four more at the place indicated on the chart, and were finally stopped by the pack ice at the mouth of Jones Sound. From here they turned back to Cape Sparbo, where they wintered and killed many musk-oxen.

MAKE THEIR WAY HOME.

After the sun returned in 1909 they started, pushing their sledge, across Jones Sound to Cape Tennyson; thence along the coast of Clarence Head (passing inside of two small islands not shown on the chart, but drawn on it by the boys), where they killed a bear; thence across the broad bight in the coats to Cadogan Fiord; thence around Cape Isabella and up to Commander Peary's old house in Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, where they found a seal cached for them by Panikpah, I-took-a-shoo's father. From here they crossed Smith Sound on the ice, arriving at Anoratok.

(Signed) R. E. Peary, U. S. N.
Robert A. Bartlett,
Master S. S. Roosevelt.
D. B. McMillan.
George Borup.
Matthey A. Henson.

COOK SAYS ESKIMOS' REPLIES ARE TWISTED

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 13.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook arrived here this morning from Cleveland in the midst of a heavy snow storm. He went directly to the Iroquois hotel, where he was shown Commander Peary's statement and map.

"It is the same old story," said Dr. Cook. "I have replied to the points raised a dozen times.

"The map published by Commander Peary in itself indicates that the Eskimos have respected their promises made to me, that they would not give any information to Peary or his men.

"The Eskimos were instructed not to tell Mr. Peary, or any of his party, of our trip over the Polar sea. They were told to say we had been far north. They have kept their word.

"Mr. Whitney has said that, during the cross-examination conducted by Commander Peary and others of his expedition, the Eskimos did not understand the questions put to them, or the map which was laid before them. Their replies to the questions put have been twisted to suit a perverted interest.

"I will not enter into any argument about the matter, but I will bring the Eskimos to New York at my own expense and they will prove, as did Mr. Whitney, all that I have claimed."

Dr. Cook would not consent to go over the details contained in Mr. Peary's statement any further than this.

"The Eskimos," he said, "are only too willing to say something that they think will please their questioners."

"I fully expected to see something of the kind," he said. "The document looks formidable over so many signatures and will probably appear so to the public. There is, however, nothing in it, as it is based upon the distorted and evasive replies of persons who were told not to give any details."

ANARCHIST LOSES SUIT

Emma Goldman Denied Injunction Against Police.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16.—Emma Goldman, the anarchist, was yesterday refused an injunction to restrain the police officials from interfering with her making a public address in this city. The decision was handed down by Judge Wilson in common pleas court No. 4.

Miss Goldman alleged that the interference of the police was of a forcible character and subjected her to the necessity of cancelling engagements to deliver lectures in other cities, thereby abridging her right of free speech.

Judge Wilson held that an injunction is not granted to cure wrongs which have already been perpetrated, but to prevent future wrongdoing.

Miss Goldman's agent, Dr. Ben Reitman, has said that in case the injunction was refused Miss Goldman would speak anyhow and force an arrest.

FUSSY OLD ARIZONA MULES OBJECT TO CARRYING TAFT

Grand Canyon, A. T., Oct. 15.—The President rode along the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado yesterday to Grand View and saw the sun set from Hopi point. He admired the canyon, but he was sore. Postmaster General Hitchcock, Capt. Archie Butt, John Hays Hammond and Gov. Sloane of Arizona, had disuaded him from riding down the 5,000 foot trail to the bottom of the canyon. In fact, they had forbidden him, being joined by Dr. J. J. Richardson, the President's physician traveling on the Taft train.

"I was bulldozed out of it," said Mr. Taft with manifest disappointment. So interested on the mule back ride was the President that he called for and donned his riding habit. But his managers barred the doorway until he had agreed to not risk 300 pounds of chief executive on the most dangerous trail in America, just for fun. Besides, as Mr. Hammond pointed out, they had been unable to find a mule at the canyon that would give its consent.

The postmaster general pointed out that if the President persisted in his purpose providence had made all necessary arrangements as the national convention of undertakers is in session here.

The Arizona committee of federal office holders, headed by Gov. Sloane, not only stole the President's train yesterday morning, but outboosted the boosters of California in using him for an advertisement. At 9:30 last night they interrupted a bridge game in the private car to ask the President to inspect the new combination station and hotel at Ash Fork, A. T. Good naturedly the President walked into the dining room, and saw a lot of people eating. Then he walked out to the station platform in the darkness to find the train gone. It had been taken two miles away to a "Y" to be turned and put on the main line.

While the President and his friends stood about first on one foot and then on the other an Indian approached and tried to sell him a Navajo blanket. The President said he had fallen for a lot of things, but would not fall for the blanket. Besides, he could get it cheaper back in New Jersey where they make them.

CHILD ATE CUTICURA

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted.

THUS PROVEN PURE AND SWEET

A New York friend of Cuticura writes: "My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the stateroom and located a box of graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or youngest infant.

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Kansas City Journal.

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He writes:

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"Being a very busy and also a very nervous man, I decided to give up breakfast altogether. But luckily I was induced to try Grape-Nuts.

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"I find four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with one of sugar and a small quantity of cold milk make a delicious morning meal, which invigorates me for the day's business." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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3061—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with yoke. White China silk was used in the development of this charming model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

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3054—Child's Dress with Kimono Yoke. Linen, challis, cashmere or albatross make up pretty in this little model. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2895—Girls' Dress, closing at left side of front. Dark green cashmere was used in the development of this model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

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2721—Child's Box-Plaited French Dress. For every-day wear this is a neat little model for challis, cashmere or serge. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

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2661—Child's Box Coat. An excellent little model for cerseul cloth, velvet or broadcloth. 5 sizes—½ to 7 years.

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2311—Ladies' Work Apron. Adaptable to any of the checked or striped ginghams, linen or percale. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3052—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. An excellent model for mohair or serge. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

MARY ELLEN TOLD ME

Elizabeth Ayres

IN the queer jumble of life, it happens that Mary Ellen is the waitress who brings me my luncheon in the restaurant where I take my noon meal. I am fond of Mary Ellen, and of the restaurant where for several years she has waited at table and endeared herself to her regular customers.

Everyone who knows her, likes Mary Ellen. Her station is in a far corner of the big, white marble and mirror-lined room, and Mary Ellen's corner has many patrons. Her "regulars" feel aggrieved when they find her tables filled with strangers, and regard them as interlopers.

Mary Ellen is pure Irish, of Presbyterian parentage, and she has the quick wit and mercurial temperament characteristic of her race. Mary Ellen is good; with the goodness that embraces sympathy, tolerance, charity and kindliness. Of course, being no more than human, she has her "spells" when life does not go to her liking, but on the whole, she is one of the best of them. You may know this by the number of those who like her and by the way her friends hold her in memory.

Mary Ellen lives with her father and supports him. Just the two make the family. Her father keeps house while his daughter is at work, and he is "by way of being a character." He is inclined to hold rather of a tight rein over Mary Ellen, having the failing common to parents of forgetting that his daughter has reached years of maturity and discretion. In her turn, Mary Ellen treats her father a good deal like a child, and frequently calls him by his first name, which is Thomas.

With those she knows well, Mary Ellen is confidential, and talks of her home life and repeats the sayings of her father with childlike candor. You never hear anything of evil from Mary Ellen. Sometimes she complains a little, but it does not take more than a consoling word or two to bring a smile to her face, after which she "clears up" and immediately begins to feel better.

Many things Mary Ellen has told me, revealing as she talks, a delightful, haphazard sort of philosophy which has nothing pretentious or self-conscious to mar it.

"Well, how are you today?" she nearly always says in greeting, and she says it in a solicitous sort of a manner that makes you feel as if your welfare was to her a vital consideration.

Mary Ellen speaks with just enough of the Irish touch to give her speech and voice a sort of musical, up and down inflection. The other day she began our conversation by saying, "I had to laugh this morning."

"What was so funny?" I asked.

"It was Thomas, you might know," she returned, smiling broadly. "There's an old soldier comes to see him," she went on. "He has a pension that's enough for him to live on, but he gets restless with nothing to do. He said to my father: 'I guess I'll go to work.' 'Yes,' says Thomas, 'you'd better get a light job.' I had to laugh."

Now, Mary Ellen's father does not like "jobs," either light or heavy, and his advice to his friend appealed to her sense of humor.

"I'm real provoked today," she remarked a moment later. "I rent my front room to an old lady. I was counting on her rent money to help me out with my own, and she gave me a disappointment. This morning she called me into her room and said she wanted to speak to me. She showed me a new comfort and said it was worth $2.50, just the price of her rent, and she wanted me to take it in place of the money."

"Well, did you?" I questioned.

Mary Ellen evaded the answer.

"She's a real nice old lady. She's come down in the world. Once she was introduced to the Marquis of Lorne. I feel real sorry for her. She's awful hard up."

"Did you take it?" I repeated.

Again Mary Ellen was evasive.

"I have more comforts than I need now," she said. "I don't use the half of 'em. I don't need any more comforts."

"Did you take it?" I persisted.

"I did," admitted Mary Ellen; "now I'll have to scrape together from some place else me own rent money."

"Mary Ellen!" I remonstrated.

"We have to bear with one another," she replied, half defiantly.

She was silent for a moment, and then she commented, "As my father says, it's as long as it's narrow."

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

The best way to grow old gracefully is to forget it.

When a woman gives another woman flowers, it means the real thing in the way of friendship and affection.

To argue with a hungry man is like trying to pet a savage animal. You are likely to get the worst of it.

We can nearly always find what we are looking and watching for, especially in the matter of "slights."

"Mah goodness!" the trouble you're going to see if you let yourself get jealous.

Courtesy costs nothing, but it is a paying investment.

A woman who is happily married needs no other employment.

A grief that must be hidden is the hardest grief to bear.

It is never safe to condemn another. We do not know what we might do if we were placed in the same position.

We are none of us anything but just human beings, so don't get uppish. There are many of our kind.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

THE STONE WALL MEN

A tribute to the men who built stone walls: The man who has left a stone wall that he built does not require any other monument to remind the passerby that he was a person of sterling worth, untiring zeal, skill, courage and patience. Probably in these days of whirl and whizz my ideas on this subject are obsolete, but the dear stone walls speak to me in a language that reaches my highest ideals and fills my heart with pathos.

"Who did all this? What were his thoughts as he placed that peculiar three-cornered stone? Was he jubilant with the exercise as he washed to the elbows at noon? Did he tell his faithful wife how he was progressing with the fence that would withstand the test of time? A stony farm was considered of double value in the old days of patience and perseverance. Offer to the average man a stony farm today and he will doubtless remark, "I would not take it as a gift." Reason with him, by saying, "it would make fine pasture land."

"It costs too much to buy fence," would doubtless be his reply.

There is where our fathers had their best hold. Steady work, for odd hours, for years, something to look at with pride. The work of their hands. No one will ever have time to build stone walls again. It is a steady jog from sun to sun to get the milk to the creamery in time, drive the cows out of the oats and fix the fence. Get in the corn, drive the cows out of the wheat, fix fence. Drive the cows out of the rye, fix fence. Drive the sheep out of the millet, potatoes, cabbage, sunflowers, fix fence. The monthly telephone meetings fill the farmer's heart with enough gall to overflow all the week. And the Saturday afternoon baseball games finishes out the week, leaving him too tired to do more than drive to the creamery Sunday morning. His Sunday nap is apt to be interrupted to drive the cows, horses or sheep out of garden, and FIX FENCE!

All honor to the dear, bent, patient old farmer who had grit enough to undertake and carry to perfection a stone wall. Every stone to me is a speaking tablet of stone.—Experimental Farmer.

CLUB NEWS

In response to the invitation to tell about the clubs we belong to I will tell you about our society. We call it a literary society and anyone takes part who has any talent in the way of singing, playing, reading or debating. We have it only in winter, when we are not working hard. We have a literary program first and then a debate.

I wish that some one would send us some subjects for debate—something of interest to all. I made this request once before and received no reply.

Last winter we debated the question, "Resolved, That men talk more than women;" the women taking the affirmative and the men the negative. The women snowed the men clear under.—Dossie.

CHEERFULNESS OF MOTHERS

I have eagerly read the letters of the Cozy Corner for several years and have been often helped by new ideas I have gathered from them, especially those concerning home-making and the care of children, as I have a happy home and two dear children, a boy and a girl, 6 and 3 years old. Most of the members of the corner are better housekeepers and managers than I. Often I used to be almost discouraged, because I could not manage to keep my work up as others did, but the happiness of a home does not depend entirley upon the neatness and orderliness of it. I find that the cheerfulness of mother controls, to a great extent, the cheerfulness of the whole family, and none seems to notice if the house is not always in order. I think mothers should spend more time with their children out of doors. One will never regret the hours spent in a long walk with the children in the free, open air, with so many things of interest all around.

My heart aches for the children whose mothers never have time to talk to them, or read to them, or play with them, or even allow them to play in the house, because of the noise and confusion they make. I wonder—no, as this is my first letter, I will wait and see if it is published, if so, I shall be glad to come again.—Happy Wife and Mother No. 2.

Come again, my friend, as many times as you wish.—Editor.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER

I am only 16 years old, but I keep house for my father, and I wondered if any of the dear mothers would send recipes for making apple dumplings and turnip pie, also one for good bread made with yeast foam. I was left motherless when but three years old, so I have not had a very good chance to learn how to cook. I will be very thankful to anyone who can help me.—Blue-Eyed Myrtle.

MAKING OVER OLD SKIRTS

Rip the skirt apart, sponge the pieces and cut it over any of the gored patterns, which may be purchased from The Blade Pattern Department. It is not necessary to trim the skirt, but it must be shaped and hung well around the bottom to give it the proper "set," and if bands are used they should be very carefully placed. A dress can often be combined with a material of another sort, but never unless the second material is also used in a portion of the waist.

INQUIRY

One who signs her name "Angel," wishes to have something "new" suggested in the way of a school social. She says, we have had pie, box, necktie, apron, shadow, pound, spoon, postcard, bandana and valentine socials." If anyone knows of anything different there is left to be done in the social line, we should be glad to have directions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

You ought to be glad you're living, when you have a comfortable home and home folks to love you.

Angel—Explain some of your "parties." Without doubt many of our readers would be interested.

Whatever you do, don't go around with a face like a pickle.

Our recent letter writers are Minnie E., Caroline Penland, Gale, Contented John and Happy.

CORRECT SOCIAL FORMS

It is always safe to assume that in the majority of instances an invitation to any affair demands an answer. If one is in doubt it is better to err by answering an invitation unnecessarily than it is by not answering it at all. Cards to At Home days, for teas and to large receptions, unless bearing the letters "R. S. V. P." do not require an acceptance. If one cannot be present at the occasion, one's visiting card should be sent so that it will be received by the hostess on the day the affair takes place.

Cards to a church wedding require no answer, but an invitation to a home wedding calls for an answer as well as thanks for the honor bestowed.

A friendly informal note should be written by a bride for each wedding gift she receives. It need not be long, but mention should be made by name of the gift for which thanks are written. Write the note as soon as possible after the gift has been received.

A widow does not wear a white gown or veil for her second marriage. Any of the pretty light shades may be selected, with a becoming hat to match. A bunch of violets or other flowers may be worn in the dress instead of carrying a bouquet. Usually only one attendant is selected—a maid-of-honor or a bridesmaid.

It is the rule in all correspondence to answer letters as soon as they are received, especial care being given to business communications and invitations. Colored letter paper should not be used, unless it be of the palest tints. Plain white paper of good quality is always in excellent taste, and for social correspondence this paper should be so cut that it will fold over but once before slipping into the envelope.

Letter-heads, such as are used for business correspondence, should not be used for social letter writing; neither should social replies be written on the typewriter. Letters to members of the family or intimate friends are written by some people on the typewriter, but they are always accompanied with an apology from the writer for so doing.

Mourning stationery is gradually passing out of vogue, and the sooner it "passes," the better.

A first call should be returned within three weeks after it has been made, while "after-being-entertained" calls, should be made within a fortnight. After a wedding one should call within a fortnight on the bride's mother, and on the bride on her At Home day as soon as possible after she has returned from her wedding journey.

When walking with a woman a man always lifts his hat to any of her friends she may happen to speak to. He should also lift his hat to distinguished or older men of his acquaintance, and to clergymen; also when passing a man he knows on the street, accompanied by a woman who is unknown to him. He should lift his hat when offering his seat in a car to a woman, and also if she addresses a question to him.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

MONDAY

We meet with those who do not understand life nor the world in which we live. It is to them only a place to bear burdens, to toil, to endure, but we should know that life is a great opportunity, that the world is full of open doors.

TUESDAY

Let there be to our steps paths of brightness; to our lives, laws of justice, kindness and trust.

WEDNESDAY

The words we speak and the things we do today may seem to be lost, but all of them will have their effect and some time even the smallest will appear.

THURSDAY

Why should your sadness
Mar another's gladness?
Life is so brief,
Rather should your gladness
Dispel another's sadness.

FRIDAY

Alas, how much of life is lost—
How much is black and bitter with the frost,
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only know that all are one!

SATURDAY

Good Lord, increase our charity!

FOR THE HALLOWE'EN HOSTESS

With golden, ripe October comes the thought of Hallowe'en and the entertainments with which this evening of fun and frolic is celebrated. In the way of decorations, there is a large variety since cats and pumpkins, brooms and witches, bats, apples, nuts and popped corn are considered especially appropriate to Hallowe'en occasions. Pretty souvenirs are made from buckeyes strung on a gilt cord tied with a bow and pinned to the coat or dress. An odd favor is made from ears of unhusked corn. Carefully turn back the husks and remove the ear of corn. Have ready some popcorn and some pulled taffy. Roll out a stick of the taffy, which must be rather soft, cover all over with the popcorn, place inside the husk and straighten down the husks until each ear is smooth. Before putting the candy and corn in the husk, place with each a strip of paper on which is written some prediction of the future.

Favors may be made of apples by pasting on one side eyes, nose and mouth cut from white or gold paper if the apples are red, and from black paper if the apples are green or yellow. Large, round, fat doughnuts may come in for decorative treatment also, by rolling them in the lightly beaten white of egg and then in granulated sugar. Form eyes, nose and mouth on each with melted chocolate, and put on a cone shaped cap of writing paper. A prediction or some amusing sentiment are aids to merriment.

The Housekeeper for this month tells of a pretty table fancy which was shown at an informal evening party. Lighted jack-o'-lanterns were placed on the sideboard and a large weirdly-shaped Japanese lantern hung from the chandelier, directly over the dining room table, which, however, had no lights upon it. The table was round and was covered with a bright yellow cloth. The large platters were placed at one end of the table, with a proper distance between them, to give them the effect of being round eyes. A large round cake, iced with frosting, filled the center of each platter, while a rim of small white cakes outlined

A HALLOWE'EN SUPPER TABLE WITH HOME-MADE DECORATIONS.
—The Circle Magazine.

them prettily. The "nose" was another round dish, filled with little round nut sandwiches, and the "mouth" was a half moon of small round dishes, filled with fruits, bonbons, nuts and so forth.

Each feature was outlined by bittersweet vine and the effect was as novel as it was charming. Having the features not too close looked best. A pretty table for Hallowe'en or for any autumnal party can be planned by having the table bare, with big doilies cut from scarlet paper all in the shape of maple leaves. For a centerpiece a dish or bowl of highly polished fruits looks most dainty, draped with the airy clematis. If for Hallowe'en, a bare branch can rise from the center of the fruits, on which can be perched two or three saucy looking paper owls.

Strings of small red apples and gilded nuts can depend from the chandelier, while loops of popcorn, rubbed with phosphorus, are effective, when the only light is shed from jack-'o-lanterns.

Little crook-neck squashes, hollowed out, make delightful little horns of plenty to fill with bonbons or candied fruits, while apples and oddly shaped potatoes will serve nicely for candlesticks, having the candles colored red, green or yellow.

The following suggestions for a "frolic party" comes from the October Circle Magazine. Let the invitations suggest that a frolic of some sort is to be expected. To signify this, the lines quoted below from Burns' poem, Hallowe'en, are appropriate:

The auld guidwife's well-hoordit nits
Are round and round divided;
And mony lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided.

Give each guest a small cloth bag to hold the little candy hearts, one of which will be presented for each feat that is successfully accomplished. If apples are bobbed for, a heart will be the reward and likewise for securing a bite out of a doughnut hung by a string, or for selecting while blindfolded the dish of clear water out of the group of three dishes—an empty one, one filled with clear water, and one with muddy. The one whose chestnut finds its affinity before the fire, receives the heart reward also, and hearts are given to the winner of the peanut contests which are thus conducted: A peanut is tied in the middle of a long string and the two contestants, each taking an end in his or hermouth, try to see who can "eat up" to the peanut first. At the end of the evening the one who has collected the most hearts may be considered to be the most beloved of the Fates, and therefore is the prize-winner. Of course, in the matter of prizes, as many may be given as the hostess chooses.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Assuming that the suggested question of voting comes under the head of "woman's rights," I will stand squarely on the affirmative and state my reasons for thinking women should vote.

Women are citizens the same as men. They are subject to laws, taxation, and all conditions of citizenship and until recently in a few states they have been without voice in their own government. Women are men's equals in intelligence, and it is conceded by all fair-minded persons that morally women are men's superiors, and in advance of men today in solving some of the problems that the first half of the present century must see settled.

In the barbarous ages, women were held in subjection by brute force; a condition still existing in most of the oriental countries through an instinctive pride belonging to men of a less advanced civilization.

The influence of women has been an auxiliary force in creating a European and American refinement that has developed our present standard of intelligence, and they are no less interested in our present and future conditions than we, the alleged "lords of creation," with not much to our credit but our abundance of egotism.

We live in the greatest age and the greatest country known to history. We need the entire intelligence and moral influence of our people to keep pace with the times. Where shall we draw the line, and who shall dictate what questions may or may not be equally acted upon by a united intelligence?

It is an open secret that the highest moral influences have not always actuated our lawmakers' movements, and it is my opinion that the remedy lies not in sex qualification, but in intelligent qualification, regardless of sex. Brute force and ignorance should be disfranchised regardless of sex, and be governed by the combined intelligence and highest moral influence of men and women.—Pennemite Jake.

Very well said, Pennemite Jake. Thank you. Who will be next?—Miss Prudence.

At last I have enough courage to ask for admittance to your circle. I have read the letters for several years and enjoyed them very much.

I live in Brownsville, Oregon. It is a beautiful little city situated on the Calapoosi river among the hills of the Cascade range. I would advise any of the M. G. R.'s that admire beautiful scenery to come to Oregon.

I think the suggestion Sunny Kansas made relating to social functions is a very good one and I wish the M. G. R.'s would write about the entertainment at the social functions they attend.

Last winter I attended a party that was enjoyed very much by all, the main feature of the evening was the trimming of hats by the young men. The girls were each requested to bring an old hat and some trimming. They were all put on a bed and the boys picked out the hat they wished to trim and also the trimming. Next, they found the owner of the hat and the fun began. The girls could only make suggestions. Some of the results were very comical, others very good, considering the fact boys had done the work. A prize was awarded for the best and one for the worst. Several other games were played and refreshments were served.—Anona.

I have been a reader of The Blade about as long as I have been able to read, and that is a good many years, and the first page I turn to when it comes on Thursday, is the Household. I do love to read the letters of the Merry-Go-Round.

California Cowgirl, I think I could learn to like you, because you are so much like myself.

Cockle Burrs, come again. I wish there were some more boys like you, especially in Pennsylvania. I think your opinion of whisky and the girls' lodge is fine, but there are lots of girls who do not care what kind of boys they associate with, at least there are some in this state. I wish that miner of Penna. would come again; I have forgotten his name.—Biddy Girl.

Here comes a "Hoosier" knocking for admission. I live on a farm in the southern part of Indiana and like farm work very well, except in rain and cold weather. My father has been taking The Blade for quite a while, but I have never written to any of the departments of the Household page before.

Some weeks ago I enjoyed very much the description of the Seattle fair, given by one of the members, but I have forgotten which one.

That suggestion of Miss Prudence about not mentioning the "waste basket" so much was all right; I suspect it is quite annoying to her.

Well, as this is my first visit I will try and not wear my welcome out. With love to all.—Blue-Eyed Hoosier.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

If you could have any career you chose, what would you choose? To put it another way, what would you want to be if you could be anything you want?—Miss Prudence.

One of our readers would like to know how he can get a few ripe, and a few partly ripe cotton bolls so that he may plant some seed. Who can give help in this instance?

Letters are welcomed from Olive Branch, Backwoodsman, Adorena, Pet, Luther the W. Virginian, Peggy the Housekeeper, South Dakota Sunshine, California Cow Girl, and Maude S.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

A DREAM

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked into his cap
And found it wasn't true.

Girls and boys, will you let a Happy Buckeye join you? I am a boy. I am 13 years old. I live on a farm in the northwestern part of Ohio. I like horses and dogs. We have four horses. I have one colt that will be two years old in the spring. We take The Blade. I have got up five subscriptions for it. I have a bicycle that has no chain. It runs by cog wheels. Papa got it for me. As this is my first letter I will close by signing my initials.—F. M. J.

I have read the letters from the children for some time and they are very interesting to me, so I thought I would try my luck at it. I live on a farm of 320 acres. I have dark hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. We live 44 miles from town, and in a desert country. It is a very lonely looking place.

I wonder how many of the children were ever on the ocean. I was on it two times. It is a very beautiful place, but I got seasick, and that isn't nice. I have also been to the great Golden Gate park in San Francisco, and to many other interesting places. I will sign the name my mother used to call me.—Taddy.

I am a little girl 8 years old, and will write my second letter to The Blade, as the first one was not published. I have no pets now, but a little brother 3 years of age, and he makes up for a dozen pets, he is so cute and smart. I go to school in the third grade, and wash dishes for mamma nights and mornings. I always turn first to the children's letters when the good old Blade comes. My papa's father took it when my papa was a little boy. Love to all.—Philomela Paine.

Girls and boys, I will join your band if my letter is not too tiresome. I am a girl of 13 summers and I live in the state of Michigan. I like to go to school very well. I am in the eighth grade. My dearest friend is a girl of 16 years old. Her name is Irene. We have very much fun together. We go fishing and horseback riding when there isn't any school. My papa is going to get me a wheel. I will sign my nickname.—Jimmy.

I am a little girl 15 years old. I live in Jacksonville, Ill. I go to school every day. I am in the seventh grade. I like to read the letters from the children. I have three pet cats. Their names are Muff, Teddy and Sunflower. I have got a pet dog, too. His name is Bruno. I have an organ and take music lessons. My grandpa has taken The Blade for a good many years, and he sent it to me for a year, which I enjoy very much.—Dolly.

I am a little cripple girl and live in Michigan. I would like to write a letter for The Blade. I am 13 years old and I have one brother and five sisters. I do not go to school. Best wishes from—Lettie K.

My papa takes The Blade, and I always like to read the children's letters, so I thought I would write one. I am a girl of 14 years. My eyes are blue and my hair is black. I live in the state of Michigan. I go to school and I am in the eighth grade. I have many friends, but my dearest is Ruth Brown, and she is very pretty. My papa has an automobile, and I can run it all over. I won a prize for having the best decorated automobile. I'll sign my nickname.—Coxie.

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when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the gold pair forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold-filled Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

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THE POETS' CORNER

KENTUCKY BELLE

By Constane Fenimore Woolson.

Summer of '63, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay.
We lived in the log house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen, there, was a baby, and I was only 19.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the blue grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know.
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise from north to south to rest the weary eye!

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle," "rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the cornlands, out to this river shore.
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning, some one came riding like mad,
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rout's little lad,
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors, he isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—all the horses that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie knife and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor.
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Nearer, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby and ran to the pasture bar.
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" she knew me ever so far!
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right;
I tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground,
Coming into the turnpike out from the White Woman glen—
Morgan, Morgan, the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan, the Raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day,
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the upper Ohio, before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes, like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see—
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only 16 he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan, before the life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the south!

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan, up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the south,
Water came in his dim eyes and quivers round his mouth.
"Do you know the blue grass country?" he wistfully began to say,
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I got him into the log house and worked and brought him to;
I fed him and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go!" he muttered, "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door—
The ringing scund of horses' hoofs, that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days,
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valley and cornland farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by riding hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan, the Raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there, pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—You'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy, back in the old blue grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle.

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of clothing gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin-old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—it was all for Tennessee.
But, after the war was over—just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir, and the two were safe, back in the old blue grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle,
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat and hearty and well.
He cared for her and kept her, he touched her with whip nor spur;
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

ENCHANTMENT

By Carlotta Perry.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountains
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the heights.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
Only when seen from afar,
And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach,
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we never reach.

Ah! distance, thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thy magic veil,
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
Oh, mountain cold and gray!
Oh! sail, in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray.

POPPING CORN

Author Unknown.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And poked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan, she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces were as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And there they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate,
John's mouth was like a hopper,
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate and Sue she thought,
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's afire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion.
I'm tired of all this popping corn,
Why don't you pop the question?"

POEMS REQUESTED

The verses to which these lines be long are wanted:

My mill stands still, O Lord give rain
My grain is down, O Lord refrain.

We are asked for the Irish song entitled Father O'Flynn. This is part of one verse:

Father O'Flynn you have such a wonderful way wid you,
All the old sinners, they want for to pray wid you.

One of the poems called for The Tale of an Engineer. It begins something like this:

Yes, children, my trips are over.
An engineer needs rest.

Can anyone furnish the poem beginning:

As down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed.

Another old song asked for is this:

Far, far o'er the deep on my island throne,
Where the sea gull roams and reigns alone.

A poem for children, of which the following is a part, is wanted:

I am a little sailor boy, and would you know my story?

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic trouble and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 3, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free and always helpful.

CRANE REMOVAL UPHELD

His Enmity to Japan Real Reason for Forcing Him Out.

Washington, Oct. 14.—All doubt as what action the President would ke with respect to the resignation Charles R. Crane, minister desig- te to China, was dispelled by the ceipt, this morning, of a dispatch m President Taft, addressed to his cretary, Mr. Carpenter, directing him convey to Mr. Crane announcement the fact that the resignation had en accepted.

The telegram was dated Prescott, izona, October 12, and reads as lows:

"Convey to Mr. Crane following mmunication:

"I concur in the letter, under date October 12, which the secretary of te has addressed to you and I eatly regret that the circumstances ave to exist by him make it neces- y for me to accept your resigna- n.' TAFT."

An Enemy of Japan.

It is confidently asserted today that e real reason for Mr. Crane's dis- ssal is that he is an avowed oppon- t of Japan.

It is believed that he was forced m his position because the state partment officials feared that if he nt to Peking, his aggressive stand opposition to Japan would bring out a dangerous situation.

It is plainly apparent that the in- rests and policies of Japan and the ited States come into conflict in hina, and that negotiations must be nducted with extreme care.

With an avowed enemy of Japan presenting this nation at Peking ere would be great danger of acts at would bring about a serious crisis d since the facts have been learned ere is general amazement that Presi- nt Taft should have selected Mr. ane for such an important post.

It is known that during the Jap- ese-Russian war Mr. Crane sent a eck for $10,000 to the Russian re- f fund and in his letter spoke of the panese as a "treacherous enemy." has large business interests in Rus- and would like to have them in ina. He believes Japan is America's ef menace in the Pacific and the ent and favors an aggressive anti- panese policy.

That President Taft has similar ews is well known, but it is taken granted he wishes to press a ong policy in a diplomatic manner. pressed in any other manner there uld be but one result, for the Jap- ese are a proud, impusive and cour- eous people.

It is well understood that for this vernment to take a strong stand ainst the Japanese-Chinese agreement Manchuria would be like playing th fire. Mr. Crane's fighting dispo- tion is one of his most characteristic its. The question asked is whether e state department did not discover at if a man of his disposition went Peking, this nation would soon be volved in hot water. This phase of e matter is the more interesting en it is considered that the Japanese vernment is evidently not intending brook any attempt to block its urse in Manchuria, and when it is ticed that Tokio is feeling keenly tisfied over the recall of Mr. Crane.

Still in Fighting Trim.

That Mr. Crane still is disposed to ht was shown by the following tement issued by him soon after he ceived President Taft's message.

"I am greatly relieved by the Presi- nt's decision. There has been no nute since I learned the attitude of e department of state when I have contemplated the possibility of a ntinuance of my official relations th the deepest repugnance. Never- eless, I have felt that my obligation the President was to permit him to oide the issue. I have appreciated ly what would be involved in a de- ion by him that I should continue. I ve realized, also, the impossibility of securing complete information at s time. He has chosen to base his cision upon the 'circumstances found' the secretary of state.

"I accepted the Chinese mission at e request, and solely because of as- rances that I could be and would be mitted to be of service to the coun- y in constructive work of the great- importance to it and of the greatest erest to me. It has been made per- tly clear that conditions here were and are not such as to make this ssible. To demonstrate this has in- ved a personal humiliation such as self-respecting man who is drafted o the public service should be called to endure, but I am grateful, indeed, t have had the test of official confi- ce and support here rather than in ina and now rather than at some l crisis involving the honor or the erest of the nation.

"I think I should state at this time t until I arrived here last Sunday d never seen the newspaper article ich is made the excuse for my re- t, nor had I heard that such an art- had been published, and at my in- view with the secretary of state, it s not shown to me. I accepted the scription of its character and conse- nces then given to me, and assumed responsibility for my connection h it, purely incidental as that con- tion was."

Mr. Crane announced that he would ve her today at 3 o'clock, but re- ed to divulge his destination.

75,000 AT LORD'S SUPPER

ciples to Hold Communion Ser vice in Ball Park.

ttsburg, Oct. 16.—The greatest mmunion service ever held in the ld's history will take place here day morning, when it is expected 00 Disciples of Christ and members other Christian denominations will emble in Forbes field baseball park. ecial trains will be run from many wns and cities. A rehearsal took ce this morning. The 100 elders and deacons who will act as celebrants e drilled so that there will be no fusion when the ceremony is held. er. Dr. Wallace Tharp of this city, ll have charge of the service. The vice will continue during the day. e program will not be stopped or stponed by rain, but bad weather y affect the crowd. The ceremony require 500 goblets. The elders and cons will be grouped in different ctions and will wait on the tables.

The following bulletin was issued to- day: "Disciples neither bar from nor ite to the table. It is for all children God, irrespective of their church re- tionship, who are desirous of honor- their Lord by obedience to His mand—This do in remembrance of

CONDEMNED IN A MONTH

re Lenient Policy Now Adopted by Russia.

t. Petersburg, Oct. 16.—Conditions in ssia have so improved that the or- ary civil regime is practically re- ved in the greater part of the king- m. The exceptional laws continue force only in Warsaw, Lublin, Sie- ce and Petrovsk provinces. Martial w has been wholly abolished.

Press statistics show that there have en 124 death sentences passed and 31 ecutions in Russia during September. commutation of sentences is now rule, there having been during the nine months 447 executions, al- ough 1,028 death sentences have been nounced.

I OFFER FREE TREATMENT!

To Victims of These Diseases — — —

You Can Cure Yourself at Home With It---I Will Send It to Your Address Without a Penny of Charge

DON'T TURN THIS PAGE; DON'T DOUBT, BUT READ WHAT I HAVE TO SAY!

....It would seem that any reader so afflicted would write the doctor at once, since no money is involved and the endorsements he has to offer are from such a high and trustworthy source. Surely it may be recommended that you give his method of treatment a free trial as you put yourself under no obligations in any way, either now or in the future.

Are You One of the 60 Per Cent?

In arranging with The Blade for this page announcement, I felt sure of the attention of sixty per cent of its readers—and that means thousands of people. According to official statistics, 60 out of every 100 persons of both sexes have either kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease, and, according to my practice—for these diseases are my specialty—I should say that the percentage is even greater than sixty. These people should be interested in what I have to say and to offer. They ought to read every word on this page and then act on the suggestions it contains.

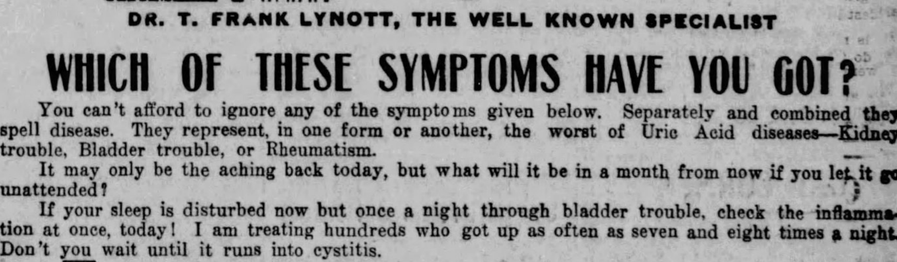
If you have any form of uric acid trouble, such as kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease, I can be of great help to you. You may have doctored for years, either with your local doctor or with drug store remedies, or with both, and yet you need me, for the cure of these diseases has been my life work. I have something that will be new to you, something different, a combination of remedies that have proven their worth.

All I ask of any sufferer is that he or she make a trial of my method of treatment. And this trial will cost you nothing. Surely you cannot refuse it on this basis. Whether your case is of recent origin, or even if you are "tired of doctors," even if you think your case is hopeless, I urge you to try just once again. Write me a description of how you suffer, or fill out the coupon, and I will study your case and send you a free proof treatment. I have done this favor to thousands of people in all parts of the country, and the letters of praise I receive show the good work I am doing.

I am asking you for no money—the free proof treatment IS free. And wherever else I say free I mean free, for I would not pervert the columns of The Blade. I offer to send you or any afflicted reader of this paper a free trial treatment. All I ask of you is that you use this free trial treatment as directed—and the directions are very simple. I will "stand or fall" on what this free sample treatment does in YOUR case.

It is through this free trial treatment that I am able to introduce my unique method of treating kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. Who can complain when no money is asked? I do not even ask more of your time than it takes to fill out the Free Certificate. If I asked you for money before treating you, as other doctors do, you might have reason to hesitate, especially if you have spent much time and money in trying to find a cure. But I am asking you for no money. Surely that ought to appeal to the most skeptical readers of The Blade and certainly to all the fair-minded.

My proposition is simply this: To you or to any other sufferer from kidney, bladder or rheumatic diseases, I offer to send, direct to the home, a free test treatment with directions so that you can cure yourself at home. I ask nothing of you beyond a description of your case in the form of a letter, or the coupon properly filled out. Mail me a letter or the coupon and you will promptly receive the free proof treatment. I am a specialist in these diseases and have made them my life study. My international success should prove my financial reliability and professional worth, and any remedies I send you, you can rely upon having been guaranteed to the Government as to their purity. Let me hear from you today.



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, THE WELL KNOWN SPECIALIST

Free Proof Treatments for All

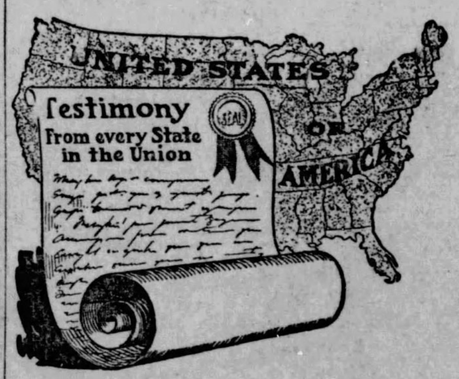
The number of free trial treatments that I am prepared to send out is only limited by the number of requests. Since thousands need it thousands should write. Do not hesitate to write if YOU need it. If you know of others who need it have them write, too. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it to me. I will promptly send you the free sample treatment and such other matter as I promise. There will be no charge. The free test treatment will prove to you what I here claim, that I have remedies that will cure, have cured, and are curing kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. These remedies are all guaranteed as to purity. On the box containing the free trial treatment you will find a list of the ingredients—it is the very prescription itself. Fill out the coupon and send for this grand, free test treatment. Know that it is possible for you to cure yourself at home when the right remedies are sent you.

Free Medical Book

There is a natural curiosity on the part of sufferers to know more about their disease. To fill this demand I have written a book called "How Can I Get Well?" In its pages you will find the answer to this question. It is thoroughly illustrated and describes in detail, giving full list of symptoms, all forms of rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and the bladder. It tells what Uric Acid poison is, how it acts and what it results in. It explains how any person can tell if he has a Uric Acid disease. It describes my method of treating these diseases, gives the ingredients of my remedies and the names of eminent doctors in this country and abroad who endorse them. We believe it is the most valuable book for the layman ever written on these diseases, and many have said they consider it the most valuable book in their library. I will send you a copy with the free proof treatment as I consider it a big help to my patients.

Free Medical Advice

When I receive your coupon giving me the symptoms of your case it will enable me to know just what your condition is and what form of uric acid you may have. I will then write you a letter giving my opinion of your case and such medical advice and treatment as I think necessary for your cure. This letter of medical advice alone should prove of great value to you. I have diagnosed over a hundred thousand cases of kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism, and the experience I have gained all these years as a specialist are at the disposal of my patients. My suggestions and advice have helped thousands towards a cure. If you want my opinion of your case fill out the coupon and send it to me and I will answer it promptly with a long letter.



About Testimonials

Some people say they don't believe testimonials. But that is like calling your neighbor a liar, for your very neighbor may have written me a testimonial saying he is cured. I have many testimonials of cures and they come from all parts of the United States and Canada, from villages, towns and cities. I have hundreds of them printed and will send them to you. Your friend and neighbor may be among them, and when you find a familiar name write the party and ask if what the testimonial says about my free trial treatment is not all true. A lady in Monticello, Ill., wrote over fifty of my patients asking them if my statement that I cured them was true, and was answered favorably. I will send you any number of written endorsements from reliable people.

WHICH OF THESE SYMPTOMS HAVE YOU GOT?

You can't afford to ignore any of the symptoms given below. Separately and combined they spell disease. They represent, in one form or another, the worst of Uric Acid diseases—Kidney trouble, Bladder trouble, or Rheumatism.

It may only be the aching back today, but what will it be in a month from now if you let it go unattended?

If your sleep is disturbed now but once a night through bladder trouble, check the inflammation at once, today! I am treating hundreds who got up as often as seven and eight times a night. Don't you wait until it runs into cystitis.

It is the pain in the nerves, the crink in the muscles, the wrench in the bones—which symptoms many think nothing of when they first feel them—that in the end result in chronic rheumatism.

If yours is a new case or an old case there is but one sensible thing to do—get proper treatment now. Don't stand on your past experience—you can still be cured if you get the right treatment. The least you can do is to try what I am willing to send you free.

MY OFFER IS TO SEND YOU A FREE PROOF TREATMENT SO THAT YOU MAY CURE YOURSELF AT HOME, AND SUCH INSTRUCTIONS AND MEDICAL ADVICE AS WILL FURTHER ASSIST THE TREATMENT TO CURE YOU. THIS TREATMENT IS FREE, AND EVERYONE NEEDS IT WHO HAS ANY OF THE FOLLOWING

DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic Trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

Note the symptoms that afflict you. Write them in the coupon and send me the coupon properly filled out, or write me a special letter in your own way. I will do the rest. Rely on it that every reader of this paper and their friends will receive just what I here promise, free. I want you to test my method of treatment and see if it will not cure you, just as it has so many others. In any event, you can be nothing out, so write me today.

FREE CERTIFICATE

What is your name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Your Address? .....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give numbers from table above—that is all

What is your age?..... Married.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE treatment, etc., will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get instant relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT
2893 Occidental Building **CHICAGO, ILL.**

JUST YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND THE SYMPTOMS

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free proof treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligations whatever; how it says specifically and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY---JUST WRITE FOR THE FREE TEST TREATMENT

REMEMBER:—This free trial treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free proof treatment. So better send the free test treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2893 Occidental Bdg. CHICAGO

☞ If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

Everything for Every Home At Factory Prices—On Credit

What We Sell On Credit
Furniture, Carpets
Rugs, Draperies
Stoves, Ranges
Silverware, Chinaware
Pianos, Graphophones
Lamps, Clocks
Sewing Machines
Washing Machines
Baby Carriages, Etc.
8 to 14 Months to Pay

3,000 Things for the Home are pictured in our mammoth Fall Catalog. The book is FREE. Ask us to mail your copy. Then sit by your fireside and see all the world's finest productions in Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Stoves, China, Silverware, etc. The pictures are perfect. Some are in actual colors. It is just like coming to our six-acre store and seeing the world of new things that we have gathered to show you. To the home lover, this is the most interesting book in existence. Don't wait a moment. Ask us now for a copy.

Only a Trifle Down

When you see what you want here, you don't need to wait for it—wait till you get the money. Send us a few cents on each dollar, and the article is sent at once. Pay the rest as convenient—a little each month. Our terms are exceedingly easy.

Enjoy the things while you are paying. No interest, no security, no extra price. We sell you on open account, without any red tape, without any publicity. We are glad to trust people who buy things for their homes.

Most city people buy all their house furnishings in this way. Our plan simply brings the same credit conveniences to every town and hamlet. We sell on credit everywhere. You can have what you want, enjoy it at once, and pay for it as you can.

30 Days' Free Trial

Everything is sent on approval. Use it 30 days before you even decide to keep it. See how the article looks in your home. Compare our prices with others. If you are not satisfied at the end of a month, send the article back. We will pay transportation both ways on it, and return your first payment entire. So you don't risk a single penny.

Back of this offer is the largest concern of its kind in existence, with a combined capital of $7,000,000. We are selling now to 8,0,000 homes—more than all our competitors combined. You will know the reason when you see our prices and know our splendid methods.

All Prices Guaranteed

On every article we guarantee a saving of 15 to 50 per cent. We guarantee to undersell any house, local or mail order, cash or credit. And we leave the decision to you. If you find any price that compares with ours, send our article back.

We are safe in this offer because our buying power is unrivaled. We are supplying hundreds of thousands of homes direct from the factories, without any middlemen's profits. We control the output of scores of factories at prices which no one can duplicate. It is utterly impossible to undersell us, and no concern will even attempt it.

Then we sell at cash prices on credit, and nobody else does that. Those who pay cash don't get a penny of discount below those who take a year to pay. That is the reason for our astounding success.

You should know all the facts—you owe that to yourself. So we ask you to send for our catalog.

Four Free Catalogs

Our General Catalog pictures and describes over 5,000 new-style things for the home. It contains furniture of all kinds, rugs, carpets, draperies, and a full line of household goods except stoves.

Our Stove Catalog shows 70 styles of Empire stoves and ranges, costing from 89c up. These stoves are the famous fuel savers, and they pay for themselves in short order.

Our Piano Catalog shows all styles of the Beckman Pianos, at $160 to $150 below regular prices.

Our Graphophone Catalog shows Columbia Graphophones and records, all sold on credit.

Mark on this coupon the catalog you want, and mail it to us today. Do this now, before you forget it. Then see what you get.

Cut Out This Coupon

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.,
906-35th Street, Chicago
Mail me your
____General Catalog ____Stove Catalog
____Graphophone Catalog ____Piano Catalog
Name _____
Postoffice _____ *State* _____

M-7500—Tufted Back Upholstered Rocker. Handsomely carved, golden oak finish, fabricoord leather.
75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, $5.70.

M-7776—Elmira Drop Head Sewing Machine. Positively the most wonderful value in a high-grade sewing machine ever offered. Complete with all attachments. Has solid oak case.
$2.25 first payment, $1.00 monthly payments. Total price, $15.95.

M-8417—Brussels Rug, 9x12 feet. Green background. Red and pink roses. Highest grade.
$2.25 first payment, $1.00 monthly payments. Total price, $14.65.

K-5691—Pedestal Extension Table. Solid Oak, Top 42x42 inches. Extends 6 feet. Pedestal 7 inches in diameter. Carved claw feet.
$1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, $9.65.

K-5830—Solid Oak Side Board, 42 inches wide, French plate mirror, 24x14 inches.
$1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, $10.55.

E-3824—Victor Empire Hot Blast. 10-inch firepot. Burns all fuel.
75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, $4.95.

E-3794—Marvel Empire Base Burner, with 12-inch firepot. Self feeding.
$3.75 first payment, $1.75 monthly payments. Total price, $24.95.

E-2490—Mutual Empire Steel Range, with six (6) covers. Blue steel body, asbestos lined; 14-inch oven; high closet; porcelain lined reservoir
$3 first payment, $1.50 monthly payments; total price, $21.95.

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO., 906-35th Street, Chicago [11]

12 Full Bottles LACKLAND Straight Kentucky Whiskey →100 PROOF← $4.20

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing as thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equalled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember, this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Lackland Whiskey to be 100 Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Mail Dept. 80, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE STUART'S PLASTER-PADS, are different from the painful truss and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Guaranteed in accord with National Drug Law. We prove what we say by sending you Trial Treatment absolutely FREE. **TRIAL OF TREATMENT** Write to—STUART PLASTER-PAD CO. Block 38 St. Louis, Mo.

COSTS ONE CENT.
BOOK ON CHRONIC DISEASES.
Your request on postal card secures copy of 74-page, illustrated book on Chronic Diseases. Contains useful information regarding food, digestion, causes and prevention of disease. Diagnosis, Water Doctor, kidney diseases, dropsy, bladder diseases, gravel, liver diseases, rheumatism, reconstructive treatment, systemic poisons and reliable testimony I treat cases by letter. Write for book today, this notice may not appear again. Address Dr. C. Shafer, Specialist, 140 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, O.

Have you backache or kidney trouble? Chemical examination of urine free. Enclose stamp for mailing case. Toledo Medical Labratory, Toledo, O.

HYPNOTISM
Easily learned by mail. A natural secret. Not a gift. Positively no fake. SUCCESS GUARANTEED. Particulars absolutely FREE. C. WM RUSSELL, Dept. K2, Westchester, N. Y.

SKUNK Highest prices paid for skunk & other furs. Write M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

CZAR CHANGES HIS ROUTE

Deep Causes Said to Be Behind the Slighting of Bavaria.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 19.—An important and unexpected change of itinerary has been made on the eve of Emperor Nicholas' departure for Italy.

It is understand that the change was due in part to recent criticism of the emperor in the Bavarian landtag, but as well to other and deeper reasons, which, according to information obtainable here, resulted in the emperor's decision to avoid Bavaria and Switzerland altogether and make a long circuit through eastern France to reach his destination. The new route chosen is by way of Odessa, Posen, Frankfort and Besancon France, and involves a railroad journey of nearly 2,000 miles.

The elimination of Switzerland from the itinerary causes no particular regret among the Russian authorities responsible for the emperor's safety, as the small force of police and military in that mountainous country constituted a most serious problem in the safeguarding of the emperor's train.

GOLF AUTHORITY IS DEAD

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—George D. Fowle, an official of the Pennsylvania railroad and one of the foremost authorities on golf in this country, died yesterday of heart disease at the Rittenhouse club, where he lived. Mr. Fowle was born in Alexandria, Va., in 1860. His family were closely related to that of George Washington. He was a brother-in-law of General Fitzhugh Lee.

GUARANTEE HAPPY MARRIAGE

Justice Says Divorce Won't Be Necessary.

Higginsville, Mo., Oct. 16.—Even in this age of advertising the following, which will appear in this week's issue of the Higginsville Jeffersonian, is something of a novelty:

"If you want to sue or be sued, if you have been guilty of any kind of naughtiness, come in.

"Having been appointed Justice of the peace for Davis township, I have opened an office in the court house in Higginsville and will be pleased to serve all who need my services. I have a matrimonial department in connection. Parties united in marriage by me are guaranteed against separation if the directions of the court are followed. Yours for business.

"R. L. BERRY."

"I do it because I believe both in matrimony and in advertising," the justice said.

"I believe all marriages would be happy if entered into in the right spirit, so I am going to give each couple I marry a set of directions which I have no hesitancy in guaranteeing as a preventive of marital strife.

"I have had 43 years' experience as a married man and know what I am talking about."

ON BROTHER'S RANCH

I'll Do What I Please, Says President.

Gregory, Tex., Oct. 19.—President Taft arrived last night to spend four days on the ranch of Charles P. Taft, his brother. Reports as to the size of this ranch vary from 100,000 to 200,000 acres. In either event, it approaches the proportions of a principality, and during the time here the President will be secluded from local committees, from the givers of banquets and from the onerous duties of constant speaking.

Asked what he was going to do on the ranch, the President replied that he was going, for once, on the trip, to do as he pleased. This means that he will golf every morning over the links laid out on the ranch; that he will ride in the afternoon and that he may go duck shooting, although he does not pretend to be much of a shot. The stay on the ranch will be the first real rest the President will have, for even the Yosemite valley, far from the beaten paths, had its ironclad schedule of stage rides and early hours of rising.

Mr. Taft was met at the Gregory station last night by his brother and a number of hands from the ranch, which lies three miles east of town. The ranch faces three bays on the Gulf of Mexico. Tarpon fishing is a favorite sport of this region, but it is doubtful whether Mr. Taft will try his hand at it.

John Hays Hammond took his leave of the President at San Antonio yesterday and hurried back to New York to attend to business. He may rejoin the party for the trip down the Mississippi river, starting from St. Louis on October 25.

93 DEAD; 100 HURT

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 16.—Figures received by the Banner today show that 93 people were killed and 100 injured in the recent cyclone in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia.

MAGOON IS FAVORED

Many Predict He Will Go to China.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The arrival here of Charles E. Magoon, former provisional governor of Cuba and at that time President Taft's first lieutenant in the islands, promptly gave rise to the rumor that he had been summoned in connection with the new vacancy in the diplomatic situation in Hong Kong, from which Charles R. Crane was removed before he had time to proceed to the Chinese capital.

Mr. Magoon insisted that he had not been summoned by the state department to report here, but he would not discuss the matter further. Mr. Magoon will remain here until November 1, when he intends to visit Ambassador Thompson in the City of Mexico, staying with the diplomat for the remaining six months of his vacation.

His journey south, however, will take him through the territory over which the president will travel on his way back to the capital, and it is regarded as certain that Mr. Magoon will not overlook the opportunity to pay his respects to Mr. Taft, even if the belief that a conference has already been arranged proves to be groundless.

Fish Declined the Post.

New York, Oct. 18.—Stuyvesant Fish, being asked today as to the report from Shanghai as to his becoming minister to China, said:

"It is true that the Chinese mission was offered to me, but that happened last spring, while I was in Europe. Needless to say that the offer was at once declined. I did not mention the fact then, and should not do so now, were it not for the persistence of the baseless rumors of my going there."

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3958 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

EXPRESS FRIENDSHIP

Taft and Diaz Visit Each Others' Territory and Exchange Nations' Good Wishes.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 16.—With cannon roaring salutes and with soldiers everywhere, President Taft, of the United States, and President Diaz, of Mexico, met here today and exchanged greetings of good will and friendship.

The meeting took place behind closed doors, in the directors' rooms of the chamber of commerce building. Two assistant secretaries to President Taft were present to report the addresses of the executives.

After having received President Diaz on American soil, President Taft crossed the international border line and returned the call of President Diaz, at the customs house in the quaint little city of Ciudad Juarez.

Again the two presidents were closeted for a few minutes and President Diaz repaid the courtesies which had been extended to him while he was a guest of the American people.

President Taft returned to the United States to review a military parade in his city this afternoon. Tonight, however, he will cross into Mexican territory a second time to be the guest of President Diaz at Juarez.

Rumors of a possible demonstration attending the meeting of the two presidents caused the authorities, both civil and military, to take extra precautions on this side of the Rio Grande for guarding the life of President Diaz, and caused a similar alertness across the border on behalf of President Taft.

Streets Lined by Troops.

President Diaz rode to the meeting with President Taft this morning over streets that were lined with soldiers, 5,000 regular troops having been augmented by the national guard. Troops surrounded the chamber of commerce building during the time that President Diaz was there and while the light luncheon, which followed the meeting, was being served.

Members of the party of President Taft and the suite of President Diaz formally were introduced and exchanged courtesies in the corridors and main rooms of the chamber of commerce while the presidents were in the directors' rooms.

The underlying idea of the meeting throughout was to make it a conspicuous act, an informal celebration of the cordial relations existing between the two countries.

President Taft was attired in frock suit, while President Diaz presented a striking contrast in full uniform, gold lace glittering at his throat and decorations covering his breast.

The journeying to and fro of the two executives and the members of their party was attended by a military display which was impressive. The escort of the president of the United States consisted of two squadrons of the Third cavalry, batteries A, B and C of the Third field artillery and the Ninth infantry from Fort Sam Houston, Tex., all under the command of General Albert L. Meyer, of the department of Texas, who was accompanied by his staff and the headquarters band. President Diaz was escorted by 3,000 Mexican soldiers.

Bridge Was Neutral Ground.

For the purpose of the meeting the entire international bridge spanning the Rio Grande was guarded as neutral territory. This permitted the Mexican troops to accompany their president to the American end of the bridge, while similarly the escort of the regular army attending President Taft was permitted to proceed directly to the border line of Mexico.

The cities of El Paso and Juarez were gaily decorated. American and Mexican flags were everywhere entwined. The occasion was made a holiday and excursions were run from hundreds of miles around.

President Taft's train, on arrival in El Paso, was met at the city limits by an escort of cavalry and the soldiers, with clanking scabbards, galloped along behind it, as it was drawn slowly into the very center of the city, being parked outside the St. Regis hotel. Soon after his arrival, the President was escorted into the hotel, to be the guest of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce at breakfast.

The breakfast was of an informal character, and when it ended, the President went to San Jacinto square, to review the school children of the city, who were massed there and who sang America as he arrived. From San Jacinto square, President Taft proceeded to the Chamber of Commerce, to await the coming of President Diaz, the latter having arrived yesterday at Juarez.

Is Greeted by General Bell.

The coming of the Mexican executive, whose temporary quitting of his own territory has necessitated the sanction of the congress of the republic, was signalled by the booming of 21 guns, fired as President Diaz arrived at the American border line. He was attended by a military escort in full dress uniform. The salute was fired by the American forces.

General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff of the United States army, met President Diaz as the personal representative of the President of the United States. This honor had been intended for Secretary of War Dickinson, but the illness of the secretary's son prevented his being present.

President Diaz alighted from his gold-trimmed carriage of state and entered an American equipage. Brigadier General Meyer, accompanied General Bell to greet the Mexican president.

Governor Campbell, of Texas, also proceeded to the border formally to welcome the Mexican executive to the state. The mayor of the city completed the welcoming party. When President Diaz's carriage came to a standstill at the entrance to the city, General Bell, Governor Campbell and the mayor shook hands with the distinguished visitor.

While this ceremony was in progress, the American band played the Mexican national air, "La Paloma."

Goes to Chamber of Commerce.

The escort of the United States troops then conducted President Diaz to President Taft at the chamber of commerce building in the following order: Brigadier General Meyer and staff.

One squadron of cavalry

President Diaz' carriage.

Carriage with personal escort of President Diaz.

Governor of Texas and staff.

One squadron of cavalry.

The field artillery.

The streets through which the Mexican executive and escort passed were lined with thousands of people, who from time to time broke into cheers.

Texas troops guarded the way. The Ninth infantry was drawn up about the chamber of commerce and saluted the president of Mexico on his arrival there.

Captain Archibald W. Butt, military aide to President Taft, met the carriage containing President Diaz as it drew up in front of the house and assisted in escorting him to the President of the United States. The only cabinet officer attending President Taft today was Postmaster General Hitchcock. It had been planned that Secreary of State Knox, Secretary of War Dickinson and Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel should also be present, but the exigencies of public business detained Mr. Knox and Mr. Nagel, and his son's illness kept Mr. Dickinson away.

After a light luncheon had been served, President Diaz withdrew in the same manner he had come, being escorted back to the portals of the city, where the same courtesies as marked his arrival attended his departure. As he again entered his own carriage, a parting salute of 21 guns was fired.

Taft Returns the Visit.

Having seen President Diaz safely away, the American troops returned to the chamber of commerce building and prepared to escort President Taft over the same route President Diaz had traveled. The applause and cheering which greeted Diaz were exceeded in the outburst which marked President Taft's journey.

As Mr. Taft arrived on Mexican soil he was greeted by members of President Diaz's cabinet, was conducted from his own carriage into an equipage placed at his disposal by the Mexican republic, and was saluted by 21 guns from the Mexican artillery.

When President Taft alighted from his carriage on Mexican soil it was the second time in the history of the United States that a president of the United States had left its borders. Mr. Roosevelt set the precedent when he attended a dinner given by the President of Panama on Panamanian territory.

Mr. Taft left his guard behind the border line, and his only military attendant was Captain Butt, his aide. Governor Campbell of Texas, in crossing the line to call upon President Diaz, also left his staff at the bridge. Invited guests accompany President Taft entered carriages and followed that in which Mr. Taft rode.

The ceremonies ended at the Juarez customs house, Mr. Taft returned to head a civic and military parade five miles in length, concluding at Carnagie square, where he reviewed the procession and later made a speech.

At 5:30 p. m. President Taft will cross the border line into Juarez again, his going and coming being marked by the same military display as this morning. He will attend the banquet given by President Diaz. A hall for the banquet was especially constructed at the customs house. The silver plate of Emperor Maximilian is to be used. Caterers from the City of Mexico will serve the dinner.

SOCIALIST LEADER EXECUTED IN OLD SPANISH FORTRESS

Barcelona, Oct. 13.—Prof. Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish educator, and convicted revolutionist, was shot today.

The execution was done at the fortress of Montjuich, where the prisoner had been confined since his condemnation by court martial. The doomed man faced the firing squad without flinching and fell dead at the first volley.

Ferrer, except for a momentary expression of emotion immediately preceeding his death, retained his composure to the last. His attorney, M. Galceran, who had defended the prisoner so loyally as to bring about his own arrest for improperly addressing the court, had secured permission for a brief talk with the revolutionist before the latter was led to the ditch where he was to die.

To his attorney Ferrer spoke feelingly of the work for which he had sacrificed his life and of the future of his daughter, whose brave attempt to save his life touched the father more deeply, apparently, than any other incident of his trial and conviction.

On Ferrer's arrest his family was left dependent upon this daughter, who at once secured employment in a biscuit factory. When it was known that her father had been sentenced to death the daughter made a personal appeal to King Alfonso, calling upon him in the name of his known generosity and chivalry to spare her father's life.

When these facts were related by Galceran Ferrer broke down. It was but a passing emotion, and presently the undaunted revolutionist was himself again.

Ferrer declined to receive the last sacraments and turned away from the two priests of the order of peace and charity who had been sent by the prison authorities to offer him the final consolation of the church.

When the hour of his execution arrived, he walked bravely through the prison yard to the ditch in the shadow of the encircling wall. Without a quiver he faced the 12 infantrymen, who, at the word of command, fired simultaneously. When the report of the volley had died away Ferrer lay dead upon the ground.

Previous to the execution precautions had been taken to forestall a possible attempt at rescue by doubling the sentinels upon the walls of the fortress.

FERRER WAS CONSIDERED MENACE TO GOVERNMENT

With the execution of Francisco Ferrer, the authorities have removed from the affairs of Spain one long suspected of revolutionary activities and who, because of his education and influence, was deemed of peculiar danger to the state.

The decree of the court martial was carried out in the face of protests from sympathizers with the prisoner, not only in Spain, but in parts of France and Italy. In Paris and Rome these protests were voiced at mass meetings of workmen of Socialistic tendencies. In these capitals attacks were attempted upon the Spanish embassies which, however, were protected by the police and soldiery. Many petitions for clemency were addressed to King Alfonso, who, also, was threatened with death should he not spare Ferrer's life. Ferrer's attorney claimed that he did not have a fair trial, as the witnesses were not examined in open court, but only their depositions read.

Ferrer was formerly a director of the modern school of Barcelona and was repeatedly accused of teaching revolutionary doctrines. In 1906 he was arrested, charged with complicity with Manuel Morales, in the attempt upon the life of King Alfonso on the day of the royal marriage. On trial Ferrer was acquitted. On September 1 he was arrested, charged with having incited the rioting which occurred in Barcelona last summer. This outbreak, which spread through the Catalonian provinces, was in the nature of a protest against the sending of Spanish troops against the Moors on the Riff coast and, for a time, assumed alarming proportions. It was alleged that Ferrer was a principal in the uprising. At the trial documents were submitted, alleged to have related to revolutionary movements and to have included the proclamation of a Spanish republic.

18 HOURS UNDER SEA

Sailor Caught in Hold of Vessel That Turned Turtle.

Crisfield, Md., Oct. 19.—When the schooner George W. Collier was wrecked in Chesapeake bay and turned turtle James O'Donnell, one of the crew, was caught in the forepeak.

He was rescued 18 hours later, weak from hunger and exposure, but his life had been saved by the compressed air which lodged inside the hull. O'Donnell was given up for lost by the rest of the crew, who clung for hours to the sides of the boat only a few feet from their companion.

The wrecking of the George W. Collier took place near the Shark Fin light. The boat was in charge of Capt. Modie Webster, who was returning from Baltimore, bound for Deal Island, where all hands made their headquarters. Six men were aboard.

Battles With Rollers.

A high sea was on and all the way down the bay the boat battled with huge rollers. When near Shark Fin light the gale was at its highest. Heavy cross seas made the handling of the boat difficult. It was growing dark and the air was raw.

Suddenly a big wave hit the schooner broadside. She rolled heavily and before she had time to recover another roller sent her over.

O'Donnell was below and did not have time to get out. The other men and Captain Webster leaped into the water. One by one they secured hand holds on the boat. Then they had a roll call.

O'Donnell was missing, and his companions agreed that he had been swept away in the darkness. All that night the five men hung to the boat, half frozen. Just before morning broke the steamship Virginia, of the Chesapeake & Atlantic Line, came along. The cries of the shipwrecked men were heard and a searchlight soon located the five on the craft.

Capt. Edward Johnson sent out a boat's crew to pick them up. The wreck by this time had drifted close to the Shark Fin light. Capt. Webster and his men were put ashore at Deal's Island and in a few hours had recovered from their experience.

Only Head Above Water.

In the meantime O'Donnell was a prisoner in the wreck. When the boat turned turtle there was an inrush of water which swept him far in the forepeak. Here it stopped, and the seamen found that while his body was submerged in the chilly water his head and shoulders were in a sort of chamber. The air was heavy and breathing was difficult.

O'Donnell quickly realized what had happened. When the Collier went over a large body of air had been caught inside the hull. It formed a compressed air chamber which not only was to keep him alive, but also serve to hold up the schooner.

There was one danger—a leak in the hull through which the precious air might escape. This would permit the water to advance inch by inch and he would die like a drowning rat. In the black hole the sailor had no way of telling whether such a leak existed and for two hours he was in agony. Then when the water kept at the same height he knew that the planking held firm and he stood a chance of getting off.

He Sticks It Out.

The hours passed. He did not know when morning came and did not know that his comrades had been rescued. He believed that the hull was drifting somewhere near Deal Island and in time it would be picked up. He made up his mind to stick it out as long as possible.

Now only starvation and cold could kill him and he did not fear these much.

Captain Webster, his strength renewed, gathered together several of his men, and started to see what could be done with his craft.

O'Donnell had been a prisoner for fully 18 hours. The craft was towed into a shipyard and after considerable effort was turned over. To the amazement of the men O'Donnell, now barely conscious, rolled out. He was bundled into blankets, a few hot drinks were poured into his stomach and before night the sailor was able to tell of his experience.

He said that, at no time, did he fear for himself, but he had given up hope of seeing the rest of the crew.

DIAZ IS POLITE.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 16.—Just after President Diaz crossed the international border, he was asked by the correspondent of the Associated Press, who accompanied him in his special train from Mexico City, to state his impressions of Americans and the United States. He said:

"The high and well understood citizenship of this virile people, who have succeeded in interpreting the propositions of government promulgated by the immortal Washington and his illustrious compatriots, has made practical in their country the best of all governments, the government of the people, by the people. My impression is most pleasing."

WANTS FIRST CHANCE AT COOK

Washington, Oct. 15.—The University of Copenhagen was today requested by the Geographical society to renounce its first claim to an examination of Dr. Cook's observations made during his search for the pole.

HAVE A "SQUARE MEAL" WITH US

Eat heartily! Eat all you want! Eat anything you wish! Fill up—eat your favorite food—all you like—Take a **Roscoe Herb Rejuvenator Tablet** tonight, that's all. **Roscoe Herb Rejuvenator Tablets** are the one Grand Remedy for all troubles of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels. Pure, harmless, life-giving herbs; you cannot possibly take them according to instructions without feeling better. Others have been positively, absolutely cured of stomach, liver and other troubles—why not you?

Try Them on That Stomach of Yours!

They will at once relieve that dyspepsia, that constipation, that indigestion; they will rebuild you, rejuvinate you, make life again worth living. Let us prove it.

WE know there is no other stomach remedy on earth like our **Rejuvenator Tablets**, but we want YOU to know it. WE know that if you have one thing the matter with your Stomach, your Liver or your Digestion, our **Herb Tablets** will make you feel like a Rejuvenated Human Being.

WE know this, but we want YOU to know it! WE know you cannot possibly take them without feeling better, but we want YOU to know it! We do not wish our pay until you DO know it! We desire to get a box of this wonderful Herb Remedy into the hands of every sufferer. Never mind the pay. Take your time! Simply fill out coupon below and mail it to us. Let us send you a full sized, One-Dollar box of this Wonderful Remedy. Take them according to instructions; try them thoroughly; put them to the test, and THEN, and not before, pay us. Take your own time; don't be in a hurry; make SURE they do you a world of good, then pay us. If you cannot say, conscientiously and SURELY, that they are GRAND, that they are renewing your health, that you are satisfied, if you are not SURE of all this—you owe us nothing! If you have one thing the matter with your Stomach, your Liver or Bowels, lose not one moment in filling out the coupon below and mailing it to us:

COUPON.

ROSCOE CHEMICAL INSTITUTE,
Dept. 21, 91 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.—
Send me quick, by mail, postpaid, one full-sized Dollar box of Roscoe Herb Rejuvenator Tablets. I agree to take them as per instructions. If they help me—if they do me actual GOOD—I agree to pay one dollar. It is understood I am not to pay one cent unless I can feel SURE they do me good.

Name .....
Town .....State.....
Street or Rural Route.....

CAN'T HUG IF WIFE OBJECTS

Husband Warned by Court Wife Must Consent.

Millville, N. J., Oct. 16.—Can a husband caress his wife against her will? was the question propounded to Justice of the Peace Ware this morning, and he decided it in the negative. George Shute was arrested, charged by his wife with choking her. Upon cross-examination the wife admitted to the justice that he only tried to embrace her, but that she told him to stop and he didn't mind.

Justice Ware warned the man not to hug his wife again unless he first secured her consent and held him under $100 bonds to see that the order was obeyed.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Dec. 19.—Despite the fact that local prices were a trifle higher at the opening, the tone in wheat at the outset was not strong. The chief weakening factors were lower cables and a general impression that the edge is going off milling demand. Although rather light locally and in Chicago, receipts in the northwest were comparatively large. At Chicago, the early market was featureless with commission houses on both sides. Ware & Leland sold at the outset, and Rankin bought. Liverpool at 1:30 p. m. was ⅜d to ⅝d lower, pressure resulting from easier American cables, heavy Canadian receipts, the heavy increase in the European visible supply and offerings of Australia and La Plata wheat. Toledo cash opened ¼c higher at $1.24¼, December ⅛c advanced at $1.25⅜, May ½c up at $1.26⅝ and July ⅛c advanced at $1.06⅛.

A flood of selling orders prompted chiefly by the big increase in the world's supply amounting to 10,800,000 bushels against about 7,500,000 a year ago, was the main cause of the day's losses. Cash closed 1¼c off at $1.22¾, December 1½c lower at $1.23⅜, May 1½c down at $1.24⅝ and July ⅞c reduced at $1.05¼. Southwest receipts were large. Liverpool closed ⅝d lower.

There was an upward trend in corn prices, though the market was but little higher up till the end of the first half hour. Sentiment appears divided as to the probable course of the market. December started unchanged at 61⅜c, May ¼c up at 63½c and July ⅛c advanced at 63⅞c.

Corn closed somewhat lower, largely in sympathy with wheat. Final prices: Cash 63c, December 61¼c, May 62½c, July 63¼c.

December oats opened ¼c higher at 42½c and May ⅛c higher at 44¾c. At Chicago, Armour and the pit crowd sold at the outset and Knight & McDougal bought a little. The far month firmed up a trifle before midday.

Oats closes were: Cash 42c, December 42¾c, May 44⅝c.

Clover seed displayed little or no change early in the day, cash opening at $8.90, December at $9.15 and March at $9.30. The far months were comparatively weaker than cash and the near option.

Cash and October clover seed closed at $9.07½, December 10c up at $9.27½ and March 7½c higher at $9.35.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— Oct.19.	Oct.18.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.24¼	1.24¾	....	1.22¾	1.24
Dec	1.25⅜	....	....	1.23⅝	1.25½
May	1.26⅝	....	....	1.24⅝	1.26⅞
July	1.06⅛	....	....	1.05¼	1.06
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63	63
Dec	61¾	....	....	61¼	61⅝
May	63½	....	62¾	62⅝	63¼
July	63⅞	....	63¼	63¼	63⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	42	42
Dec	42½	....	....	42¼	42¼
May	44⅝	44⅞	....	44⅝	44¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.90	....	....	9.07½	8.80
Dec	9.00	9.10	....	9.07½	9.00
Dec	9.15	....	....	9.22½	9.17½
March	9.30	....	9.27½	9.35	9.27½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	77	....
No. 3	....	....	....	74	....
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike.—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00
Oct	....	....	....	8.00	8.00
Dec	....	....	....	8.10	8.10
Dec	....	....	....	8.10	8.10
March	....	....	....	8.20	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.05½	....	1.03⅛	1.04	1.05⅝
May	1.03½	1.06⅛	....	1.04⅞	1.06¼
July	99⅛	99¼	....	98½	99¼
Corn—					
Dec	59½	....	58⅛	58⅝	59½
May	61½	....	60⅜	60⅞	61½
July	60⅜	60⅞	60¼	60¾	60⅝
Oats—					
Dec	40	40⅛	39½	39⅝	40
May	42¾	....	42	42	42¼
July	39⅝	40	....	39¾	40

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.12¼	....	....	1.14¼	1.12½
Corn—					
Dec	70¼	....	....	69½	70¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.08	1.08⅛	1.06⅝	1.06¼	1.08¼
May	1.08	....	....	1.06⅜	1.08¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.04¼	1.02½
May	....	....	....	1.04⅞	1.05⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.01¼	1.02⅝
May	....	....	....	1.04¼	1.05⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	18.35	....	....	18.27	18.30
May	....	....	....	18.10	18.07
Oct	....	....	....	23.25	23.25
Lard—					